

AMERICA

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Chronicle

Home News—The long awaited report of Colonel Carmi A. Thompson was transmitted to Congress by the President, with no specific recommendation from him.

Report On the Philippines—This report can be roughly divided into two parts: the first, concerning the fundamental question of independence, and the second, concerning the most efficient method of government of the Islands. On the first question, Colonel Thompson is, as was expected, adverse to immediate independence or indeed to any independence in the approximate future. His reasons for this are two: that the Islands by reason of many races and tongues are not a homogeneous whole, and that the people are not yet able to handle themselves as an independent entity in the family of nations. In place of independence, he recommends a gradual building up of internal autonomy with greater freedom as conditions may from time to time warrant. On the question of administration, Colonel Thompson is lukewarm in his praise of General Wood and distributes the blame for recent troubles impartially between the executive and the legislative branches. He also finds that economic conditions are very bad, but attributes this almost wholly to unwise legislation. One of the recommendations he was expected to make did not materialize, namely, the separation of the Moro provinces from the rest of the Islands. However, he recommends further

direct American control of them in place of the present Christian Filipino rule. He finds that the economic possibilities are great but kept from fruition by the present embargo on foreign capital. In general, he sees no necessity for changing the Jones Act, which is the present organic law of the Islands. However, he does recommend that there be a separate department of the government for Philippine affairs, which should be taken away from the War Department, under which they are at present. This latter is probably the most important of the recommendations which he makes, apart from his negative attitude towards independence. The report was more moderate than anticipated and has apparently received general approval.

The landing of troops in Nicaragua occupied the attention of the country for some time. This landing took place in Puerto Cabezas, the headquarters of the insurgents

under Sacasa, whose "government" has been recognized by Mexico. The Nicaragua

situation has a double aspect. Sacasa is apparently supported by one of the mahogany companies, while the fruit and oil interests seem to be supporting the Government of Diaz, recognized by the United States. In its international aspect, the United States Government apparently sees a danger in Mexican influence extended towards the Panama Canal, especially in view of the recent visit to Mexico of Prince Henry of Prussia. Admiral Latimer, in charge of the landing forces, announced his neutrality between the warring factions, and the Washington Government, in face of a well organized propaganda of protest in opposition papers, showed a somewhat wavering attitude. European opposition to American influence in Central America will, however, probably have a stiffening effect on this Government's policy.

Congress was taken up with the consideration of the building of the ten cruisers which were allowed to this country by the Washington Conference. The budget director

Cruiser Program—in his report did not make provision for building the three cruisers and two rigid dirigibles of the 1924 program. This

brought about very sharp attacks on the Government. The spectacle of a government authorizing the building each year of several cruisers and not appropriating the money for them was severely criticized. It was expected, however, that appropriation for at least some of the cruisers would be made. The effect of this movement abroad was immediate and startling. Our right to build them may not be challenged, but the United States was criticized for it nevertheless. It was confidently expected that the

threat to build them would result in the agreement of European Powers to enter a new disarmament conference, especially since it is recalled that the last conference was only agreed to when it became apparent that the United States was determined to enlarge its navy and was fully able to do so.

Austria.—The various political parties, according to a statement made some time ago by Chancellor Seipel, had agreed among themselves upon a program of social

Dr. Seipel's Activity work. Until December 31 such problems as helping the unemployed and other urgent public issues were to be dealt with, in order to give full scope after January 1 to the development of social insurance projects. There has still been much poverty and suffering in Austria, so that it was a decided triumph for Mgr. Seipel to have been able to concentrate the energy of Parliament upon useful work in place of political agitation and recrimination. Mgr. Seipel further enhanced the high esteem in which he is held by obtaining pardon, effective on Christmas Day, for Karl Jawurek, the man who had attempted his assassination in 1924, shooting at him twice and severely wounding him in the right lung. Jawurek deeply regretted his action. Pardon was extended by President Hainisch.

France.—Just what ultimate effect the recent Germersheim affair would have on the maintenance of cordial relations between France and Germany was not plain.

The Germersheim Affair Some recognition of the unanimous protests which the decision of the French court-martial provoked in Germany was afforded by the pardon signed on Christmas Day by President Doumergue, by which the six Germans who had attacked Lieutenant Rouzier were set free. The petition for the pardon was presented by War Minister Paul Painlevé, on behalf of General Guillermat, Commander in Chief of the French Rhineland Army, and the French Government, and was granted, according to its wording, "in the interests of appeasement and public tranquillity." Three days of active conversations between Ambassador von Hoesch and the French ministers concerned had preceded the granting of the pardon. In view of the aggressive attitude of the young Germans, of whom one was killed by Lieutenant Rouzier and two others wounded, and the fact that none of them were residents of Germersheim, where the affair took place, French public opinion regarded the pardon as a distinct act of compliance with German sensibilities. The German press, however, demanded the reversal of the verdict by which Lieutenant Rouzier was acquitted, and took the occasion to insist on the necessity of a speedy and entire evacuation of the Rhineland in order to prevent the repetition of such conflicts. The beating up on Christmas night of two French soldiers by seven intoxicated civilians at Mayence, just as the former were coming from midnight Mass, served to add to the excited feeling in both

countries which their respective statesmen are trying to allay.

Germany.—The Allied Conference of Ambassadors approved the German army budget. On purely technical grounds it called for an increase of one lieutenant

Strength of Reichswehr and 134 men over the 100,000 strength provided for by the Versailles Treaty. There is only the slightest difference between the sum required for financing the 1926 and the 1927 budgets. President Hindenburg also made it clear that the country need stand in no fear of his ever assuming a dictatorship through the executive power vested in him by the Weimar Constitution. He has full confidence that any revolt can be quelled with finality by the existing police and army. His statement was called forth by some wild rumors recently set in circulation. Nothing definite developed in regard to a successor to Dr. Marx in the Chancellorship.

Great Britain.—The British Foreign Office published on Christmas the text of the official memorandum on the British Chinese policy communicated

Chinese Policy on December 18 to the representatives at Peking of the Washington treaty powers, together with the full text of the memorandum sent by the British Foreign Office to the United States Embassy in London last May, advocating relaxation of foreign control over China. Both documents are conciliatory in spirit. In the latter the British Government comes out emphatically against further attempts to force upon the Chinese increased foreign control. The statement of the contemplated new British policy toward the Chinese presupposes recognition of the changed conditions in China, particularly of the growth of the Chinese nationalistic spirit. Account is also taken of the success now crowning the campaign of the Cantonese Nationalists against the Peking Government and the futility of considering the latter as representative of China. The memorandum suggests that the foreign Powers not only condone the levying of the "Washington surtaxes" by the Cantonese authorities in defiance of foreign treaties, but that they sanction the levying of these surtaxes throughout the Empire. The out-of-dateness of many treaties of China with foreign Powers is frankly recognized and the recommendation is made that this be recognized by those interested and new lines of cooperation worked out. In Washington reaction to the memorandum was favorable in so far at least as it represents British concurrence in the American belief that China should be granted, with little delay, the additional customs revenues contemplated by the Washington Conference of 1921-1922.

Hungary.—A new gold standard was adopted with the pengő as its unit. This step followed upon the sta-

New Gold Currency bilitation of the currency by Jeremiah Smith. Considerable complications, however, will result so long as the old paper crowns continue in circulation, since the new unit has been established on the basis of 12,500 paper crowns to one *pengö*, instead of adopting the decimal system which had been urged upon the Government. The consequence is that to convert paper crowns into *pengös* one must multiply by 8 and divide by 100,000, or vice versa, to pay *pengö* prices in paper crowns. How the unlettered peasants will be able to perform these calculations is a mystery. In our own currency the *pengö* is worth seventeen and a half cents. It circulates in coins and banknotes.

Ireland.—The recommendations presented by the Greater Dublin Commission were well received. This commission was appointed "to examine the several laws

Plans for a Greater Dublin and practice affecting the administration of local and public utility services, including local representation and taxation throughout the capital city of Dublin and the county of Dublin." In regard to the government of the city, the Commission recommends the abolition of the office of Lord Mayor, together with that of the Dublin Corporation already dissolved. In their place it suggests the creation of the office of City Manager, whose proper work will be mostly financial; he is to be assisted by a Board of Directors who, in turn, are to be checked by a Council elected by Greater Dublin. This arrangement is in accord with the system of City Commissioners that replaced the Dublin Corporation. A plan for the amalgamation and coordination of activity in the entire Dublin area is also proposed. The limits of the city proper would be extended so that they would include Dalkey and Dun Laoghaire on the south, Malahide and Baldoyle on the north, and intermediate places like Rathmines, Pembroke and Dundrum. The area of Greater Dublin would be about 18,000 acres, and its population would be more than half a million. One of the most commendable features of the recommendations of the Commission is that of the erection of a town-planning board which would be given power to control buildings, hoardings and open spaces within the new area, and to reserve lands for allotments, public gardens and recreation. Legislation by the Dail is required for the execution of these plans, but public opinion seems to be so much in their favor that little obstruction is expected.

Italy.—A Government decree has officially established a Fascist calendar, dating from October 28, 1922, when the "Black Shirts" began their march

Fascist Legislation on Rome. Hereafter all official documents will bear two dates, the date of the modern calendar and the Fascist date.—Under another decree the Black Shirts will outrank the decorated dress uniform of foreign diplomats at the court of the House of Savoy and the Secretary General of the Fascist party will

take precedence in all public functions over foreign ambassadors, ministers and special envoys. His title has been changed from plain signor to "your Excellency."—With the beginning of the New Year, in accordance with the terms of the recent defense decrees, a special military tribunal was formed to try political offenses. Five "Consuls" of the Fascist militia will compose it. The first to be tried will be the former Socialist Deputy Zaniboni, for plotting against the Premier in November, 1925, and Gino Lucetti, who hurled a bomb at Mussolini in September.—According to Associated Press dispatches, hard work, discipline and large families are the goals which Mussolini has set for the citizens of Caltagirone, Sicily, who hope to have their region elevated to the rank of a province. Answering an appeal from them, the Premier said he did not intend to create any new provinces until 1932 and added: "Then I will reward those regions which show themselves laborious, disciplined, and prolific."

Japan.—After a reign of fourteen years and at the age of forty-seven, Emperor Yoshihito died of pneumonia at Tokio, early on Christmas morning. The

Emperor Dies Empress Sadako, the Regent Hirohito and the Crown Princess Nagako were in attendance. Immediately the Prince Regent assumed the throne as the one hundred and twenty-third Emperor of the line "unbroken for all eternity." The only member of the royal family who was absent from the bedside of the dying Emperor was Prince Chichibu, his second son, who was en route home from England. The deceased had been ill for six years, a mental affection having followed a cerebral hemorrhage conjoined with an attack of pneumonia. Born on August 31, 1879, he succeeded his father on July 30, 1912, though he was only crowned in November, 1915. His active reign began during the World War and extended to the difficult days of peace when Japan played an important part in the determination of the Oriental problem caused by that conflict. It was not long, however, before his health failed and in November, 1921, he surrendered the direction of the Government to the Crown Prince who was designated Regent. Yoshihito, however, in his brief term of activity showed the influence of western ideas not only equipping the palace with electric lights and taking up games and diversions that were wholly occidental, but being also the first in his line to adopt the western idea of monogamy.

The new Emperor was born on April 29, 1901. He received a common-school education in Tokio and later was privately tutored. He speaks French and

The New Ruler German well and lately he and the Crown Princess have been tutoring to perfect themselves in English, which, next to Japanese has become the principal

language in Japan. His education included careful training in military affairs and diplomacy and he is reputed to be well informed on international affairs. He was married in 1924 and the imperial couple have one child, the little Princess Shigeko. His case marks the first time in several generations that the heir to the throne was a son of the reigning Empress. It is unlikely that his coronation will take place before 1928, as a long mourning period must intervene.

How the Emperor's death will affect the domestic political situation is uncertain. After Hirohito's accession he received Premier Wakatsuki and the Chief

**Aftermath
of Yoshihito's
Death**

of the Privy Council and expressed his wish that they continue in office. It is not known whether the Premier will dis-

solve the Diet as he had planned. The death of the Emperor as well as causing great sorrow to the nation was a severe commercial loss, occurring as it did in the midst of the holidays. Among the first to send messages of sympathy was President Coolidge on behalf of the American people. The Pope, who had been following the Emperor's illness with interest, also sent a message of condolence.

Jugoslavia.—Premier Uzunovitch constructed his fifth Cabinet. It was received with little enthusiasm and some severe criticism. Unable to form his

**The New
Cabinet** Cabinet out of members of Parliament exclusively he introduced three

non-members. This was the more severely censured because two of these new members were Generals in active service, thus linking up the army with politics, which has worked disastrously in other countries. Moreover, Dr. Korosetz, leader of the Slovenian Catholics, who had agreed to co-operate with the new Cabinet, refused to fill the two Cabinet seats reserved for his Slovenian party because of the inclusion of the three non-members of Parliament. The Cabinet thus resolves itself into a reinstatement of the old Serb-Radical and Croatian-Peasant Coalition. The Croats are still led by Stepan Raditch, whose latest aims were a Peasant State and Pan-Slavism.

Lithuania.—Perplexing reports continued to be issued regarding the little Republic. The new régime has aroused a great deal of anxiety among the neighboring

**Aggressive
Measures** States. On the one hand the new Foreign Minister Valdemaras definitely stated that he would maintain friendly relations with the Soviets, but on the other Moscow became furiously incensed over the execution of four Communists found guilty of attempting to organize a Communist uprising. The Soviets in a manifesto blamed Britain for the Lithuanian coup and warned against a Polish-Lithuanian settlement, which they greatly dreaded. The arrest and court-martial of 150 Jews, the suppression of a German paper, the order for the expulsion of

all Germans acting as officials in the Memel territory, mentioned in a Warsaw cable report, have been officially denied by the Lithuanian Consul General at New York, at the express instructions of his home Government. The interests of so many important nations are intimately involved in the politics of this little country that all statements must be carefully scrutinized to ascertain their source and make proper allowance.

Mexico. Several events of varied importance combined to create in the world a still more confused picture of the present Mexican situation. Rumors of a general

**Confused
Situation** popular uprising were freely circulated; Madame Kollontay was received by the

President and pre-arranged crowds gave her a warm welcome; the United States Army fleet of ten planes, on a "good-will mission" to South America, tarried a long time at Tampico and Vera Cruz, but while it was in the latter port, its officers were received cordially by President Calles; a special committee, under the Federal Council of Churches, with the disquieting inclusion of Samuel Guy Inman, left for Mexico to learn all about the country in two weeks; and the pending dispute over Mexico's confiscatory land laws was further complicated by the uncertain attitude of the oil companies and the conviction on the part of both the American and the Mexican Governments that the other side is bluffing.

Panama. On December 23, Archbishop José Fietta, Apostolic Delegate to Panama, presented his credentials to President Chiari. He was received at the presidential

**Apostolic-
Delegate
Accredited** palace by the Cabinet and other high officials of the Government with all the honors of an Ambassador. In an interview with the local press the Archbishop declined to discuss the Mexican-Nicaraguan question, stating that he was neither informed nor interested in Central American political problems. He stated further that Panama had no religious problems as the Government accords freedom to all creeds. A religious restrictive law patterned after that of Mexico is now before the National Assembly but is unlikely to pass.

Daniel A. Lord next week will do full justice to Will Durant's "The Story of Philosophy," in a clever exposé entitled "Has Philosophy Failed?"

"My New Chaplain" is the second in a series of articles by an American newspaperman in England, Andrué Berding, on prominent men who write for AMERICA.

In "The Decline of Military Courtesy," Captain Elbridge Colby presents some curious historical contrasts to present day methods of fighting.

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The Mexican People

IT was an obvious but often forgotten distinction that the late President Wilson drew between a people and their *de facto* Government. As we in this country know only too well, what we call "the Government," whether it be Federal, State, or municipal, can often be resolved into a group of politicians who draw up programs and engineer policies which in no wise represent the mind or purpose of the people at large. Happily, an opportunity to "turn the rascals out" is presented by our numerous elections, of which, however, we sometimes fail to avail ourselves. In other nations, this means of relief either does not exist, as in Mexico today, or the voters have not learned to use it effectively. Hence the people are forced to tolerate conditions which they abhor, simply because no means of changing them is at hand.

It is well to remember President Wilson's distinction when commenting on the persecutions in Mexico. The attitude of the American press, generally speaking, has been hostile to the Calles régime, and correspondingly in sympathy with the great mass of the people deprived of their civil and religious rights. But with all the good will in the world, it is exceedingly difficult, when treating of another people, to avoid errors of fact and judgment. Hence it has happened that here and there an editor has involved the people of Mexico in the condemnation justly meted out to the Government which oppresses them.

Certainly, no one acquainted with the Mexican people of today can portray them as "Reds" or "Bolsheviks." Nor can he refer to them as a group which, on the whole, prefers to remain in a state of illiteracy

and semi-barbarism. The necessary distinctions between the people and their Government were clearly drawn in the Pastoral Letter of the Catholic Episcopate, and with particular eloquence in the section headed "For My Name's Sake." Whenever unenlightened and retrograde officials presented no unsurmountable obstacle the Mexican people have followed the Church in magnificently supporting schools, colleges, universities, and institutions for the prevention and relief of every form of human suffering. More than twenty years ago Catholic delegates in the National Congress introduced bills providing for the creation of rural cooperative banks. In 1912 the Catholic majority in the State of Jalisco enacted valuable legislation for the protection of women and children, of the rights of minorities, and of labor syndicates. In 1913, the National Catholic Party, assembled in Guadalajara, "discussed a program which included such points as municipal autonomy, the land problems, rural cooperative banks, and the property rights of women and children; the mere enumeration of which shows how far not only the Party, but the Catholic people of Mexico, had advanced in the solution of the social problems of that day."

In their own time, in their own way, under the favor of an all-just God, the Mexican people will work out their destiny. As for us, while we may not forget the danger of a radical Government at our borders, let us be chiefly mindful of the exhortation of Pius XI to help our persecuted brethren by our prayers.

Are Women Degenerating?

WHILE it has never been stated that President Charles A. Richmond of Union College is a radical, he appears to entertain notions that go to the roots of the subject he discusses. We fully agree with him that by their efforts for an "equality" with men, an equality to which some of them attach highly unconventional meanings, certain women are not "elevating and emancipating womanhood, but degrading and enslaving it." And Dr. Richmond refers specifically to "a social philosophy advocated in books and plays by women writers."

Within the last few years innumerable books and magazine articles have been written by women, some of them professors in well-known colleges, advocating principles which would completely destroy civilization as we now know it. Before a group of mentally-immature sophomores and juniors one professor inculcates the advantages of "the companionate" which, in plainer English, means the license of free love. A second argues for a wider extension of the already disgracefully loose divorce laws, forgetting that when the bars are thrown down woman suffers, while predatory man goes on to a new conquest. A third, under the plea of "the fullest expression of personality," urges lines of conduct which, unless

practised with consummate care, will assuredly end in the reformatory or penitentiary. The police and our courts may be bigoted; but as long as this bigotry continues to guide society, one should with hesitation advise a young woman to enter upon courses which after a few years will make the consideration of how much time the parole board allows for good conduct, her chief interest in life.

Liberty is a most precious endowment, but also a peril for all who have never learned self-conquest. As for the expression of personality much is to be said for the theory of Dr. Gina Lombroso that the kitchen and the nursery constitute a splendid field for its fullest development.

Improving the Lawyer's Morals

THE effort to clean house which the bar of the entire country is making, deserves the sympathy and the support of all right-thinking citizens. Some weeks ago, a member of the State examining board of New York issued a scathing criticism of the lack of general culture displayed by the candidates, and while the indictment was possibly overdrawn, it was in the main a justified appeal for high educational standards.

But the profession needs something more than intellectual standards. That the law has fallen in the estimation of the public cannot be denied, and for reasons that are not secret. Rightly or wrongly the public is persuaded that no rich man need ever go to jail, whatever his crime may be. Charges of unfairness are rarely directed against the bench; the resentment of the public fixes itself on the lawyer. The public believes that the wealthy man can always find lawyers unscrupulous enough to use any means to win a case, civil or criminal, and clever enough to hide all the traces of impropriety. It is unjust, of course, to indict a whole profession, yet some bar associations seem either unwilling or unable to break men who are disgracing the profession. Noting this lethargy, the public indicts the profession on ethical, not on intellectual counts. The lawyer has brains enough, it thinks, but is short on morals.

Mr. John W. Davis, once Ambassador to Great Britain and President of the American Bar Association, admits this contention, and enlists heart and soul for a reformation. Yet the remedy he suggests is as out of date as the pharmacopeia of the alchemists. Arguing that in view of his responsibilities to the public the lawyer cannot be too well trained, he pleads for better preliminary courses in "history and general culture." "It is impossible," he writes, "to lift the cultural level of a group and not at the same time improve the moral standards of that group. Aside from the pathological few who are by nature criminal, crime is the result of ignorance. . . . Any improvement in the education of the bar cannot but improve the morals of the bar."

This is largely a restatement of the argument offered some years ago by Mr. Elihu Root who with a confidence in college education so pathetic and unsuspecting that it must have made our educators blush, pleaded for the bachelor's degree as a requisite for admission to an accredited law school. While there are many aspects to this question, we believe that the plan to require the degree is sound; but we cannot accept the principle that "to lift the cultural level" improves "the moral standards." Washington only restated the crystallized experience of the ages when he wrote that "refined education" was not enough, and that the strongest props of public and private life alike were to be found in religion and a code of morality based upon religion. In exclusion of religious principle, he thought, neither national nor private morality could be long maintained. We are not unduly extending the thought in applying the same philosophy to the profession of the law.

Nor can the principle that "crime is the result of ignorance" be sustained. A man can violate the law of God and man not because he does not know what he is doing, but because he trusts that his intellectual ability and his highly trained technical gifts will enable him to escape detection. Indeed, the effort to train a man's intellectual powers and to raise his "cultural level" while neglecting to educate his will to embrace what is good and to reject what is evil, may result in an individual who can inflict a greater evil upon society precisely because of his ability. We would not deprive our budding advocates of aught that Latin, Greek, mathematics, poetry, music, and the cultural arts can give them. But, in our judgment, what they most need is an intensive training in the standards of religious and moral conduct.

Fraudulent College Teams

THE letter of the president of West Virginia Wesleyan University should not be restricted to the alumni of that institution. Modern football is now a business, and the college game threatens to become as commercial as the American League. In the season of 1926, the receipts from the contests held by nearly 360 out of 460 college and university teams were in excess of \$20,000,000. The outstanding feature of many American colleges is the playing field, and the alumni vie with one another in raising millions for new bowls, parks and arenas. The situation is becoming serious. If the college is to remain primarily an educational institution, we here have a problem which the authorities cannot honestly evade.

In theory, a young man matriculates at college for academic reasons. He engages in athletic contests as a health-giving recreation, strictly subordinated, however, to his work in the class-room, the laboratory, and the study. If this due order be observed, athletics serve a purpose of inestimable worth. It may

not be wholly true that Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton, but it is true that a clean, sharp game can teach many a lesson of obedience, self-control and loyalty. The psychologist knows that the growing youth needs an outlet for his physical energies, a safety-valve that is supplied by athletic contests. Nor is the moralist unaware of their value. A college without athletics of some sort is unthinkable, but we very much fear that unless a vigorous reform is instituted, we shall soon face conditions that are unspeakably bad.

Some authorities cling to the delusion that they need the advertising which only a successful team can give. In that case, let them announce this platform frankly, and deal as openly in enlisting teams as they would in signing a contract with an advertising agency. The scholarships should not be reserved for young men anxious and able to profit by four years at college, but debarred from this opportunity by poverty. They should be restricted to athletes, and awarded after a physical examination, on recommendation of the head coach. Opportunities for employment, such as control of a cafeteria, a laundry, a book shop, should likewise be put at the disposal of the athletic board, and distributed according to the prowess of the candidates. This policy is honest, open, above-board, and can readily be understood.

But we cannot understand how any college which professes to instill high ideals of honor and truth can be content with a fraud-tainted system. It is fraud to register a young man in college when the sole purpose is to engage the services of a foot-ball player. It is fraud, if indeed it is not downright dishonest perversion of the founder's intention, to award a scholarship to an athlete and pass by a deserving boy strong in brains and weak in brawn. It is fraud to engrave the wisdom of the ancients over stone doorways that the young may read as they enter, and then to engage in policies so void of honor as to provoke a smile from the very lanterns in the college aisles.

If our athletic teams are to be considered as full-page advertisements in preferred position, let us first consider what they advertise. Is it a spirit that would despise a lie in act more fiercely than a lie in words, that would scorn to be tainted with dishonor, that would gladly go down fighting bravely to defeat, rather than win a victory by fraud? If so, well and good; we cheerfully accept a brief for honest athletics. But no college really needs a *winning* foot-ball team, and no college can afford to harbor a team or an athlete that is dishonest.

Taxes and the Cost of Living

BACK in the hectic days of the old Smith-Towner bill, it was not uncommon to hear proponents of that measure assert that it would "ease the educational burdens of the States." Underlying this claim

was the assumption that the Federal Government was not supported by the people, but drew its funds from private resources, and thus was able to make "gifts" to the States. The simple fact that the Federal Government has no money whatever that is not contributed directly or indirectly by the people, and that every penny of its "subsidies" is drawn from the people, did not occur to these simple financiers.

Closely akin to that assumption is the delusion that the costs of government fall chiefly on the wealthy classes. For many years this Review has been assailing that delusion, hoping that much foolish legislation would meet disaster if the people could be brought to understand that appropriations cost money, and that every member in the community is forced to pay his share, thus adding to the high cost of living. It is really nearer the truth to hold that the heaviest burden of taxation falls on the ultimate consumer, for it is only human for the man on whom a tax is directly levied to try to pass the payment on to his neighbor. Should he be a manufacturer,—he cuts the cost of his product by beating down the quotations on raw materials, or he lowers wages, or adds to the price of the finished article. If he is a landholder or landlord, he raises the rent of the taxed premises. The grocer or booter or butcher who pays the rent promptly meets the added expenditure by increasing the price to the consumer. "Everybody who pays rent or buys merchandise, or rides in a streetcar or goes to the theater," said Professor William B. Munro, of Harvard, recently, "pays taxes whether he realizes it or not. The idea that most people pay no taxes is one of our national delusions. It is also a costly one."

Some years ago our suggestion that every bill introduced in Congress or a State legislature should be plainly labeled "The price of this bill is \$100,000,000" or whatever the sum might be, was stigmatized as "sordid." It is hard to understand why it is sordid to consider whether we can pay for what we purchase; but the suggestion was, admittedly, inadequate. It meant well, but it did not go far enough. Perhaps our political scientists can devise a method of rating accurately the costs to every individual and family. "If this bill passes," they might say, "then every family with an \$1,800 budget must reduce that budget to \$1,500. In consequence, you must cut the rent-budget by removing to more cramped quarters. You may not have meat four or five times a week but only thrice. You must forego that badly-needed carpet for the front hall, and that new overcoat. Of course, you cannot send John to college."

What we need is a method of showing the exact retrenchments imposed by new appropriations and an increased tax-rate. For you and I, the man in the street, the great common people, the ultimate consumers, underwrite the appropriation by paying the tax. We cannot escape it.

Wanted: An Outline of Logic

ALFRED G. BRICKEL, S.J.

BEFORE Mr. Wells startled the English-speaking Protestant world with his "Outline of History" and began to crowd the latest novels off the shelves, most men thought that half a life-time was needed for a mastery of the Greek or Roman classics or of medieval philosophy or of the history of the Roman Empire. But Wells, it seems, has put a stop to all that nonsense about the careful study of the classics or of theology or of philosophy. He has taught men how in the drowsy hours of "sommolent summer Sundays" they may pluck the heart out of Suarez, demolish the polities of Plato or of Aristotle, and take the world apart and put it together again. Since the success of Wells among the heirs of the Protestant Reformation, outlines of one thing or another have poured from the presses to the delight of the Nordics, and the dryads of the North woods have wailed as they saw their leafy tenements vanish into so much potential pulp.

I am afraid that amidst this vast mass of outlines of this, that, and the other, honest folk may lose the faculty of thinking coherently as they read. What they now need is an outline of logic to pilot themselves safely through the maze of outlines. I have thought a bit about this subject and here offer an "Outline of Logic." I realize that the old Aristotelian canons will still be useful for mathematics and the traditional logic. But that some additions to Aristotle are imperative will be granted by anyone who has dipped into the pages of such modern infallibilists as Wells and Havelock Ellis. Do not accuse me of trying to write a *Novum Organum*, I beseech you, but merely allow me to set down a few postscripts to Porphyry and Boethius.

I must confess that I have not had time to put my notes into a severely scientific system. In this, however, I am no worse than the outliners, who give us new worlds on paper while their old worlds are still selling briskly in Western Kansas. I shall be reduced to giving examples of how the new logic is worked. The examples chosen are taken at random from books that circulate principally among the descendants of that reversion to barbarism which goes under the quaint name of the "Reformation."

Let me begin in the Sunflower State. Here is a specimen from Blackmar and Gillin's "Outlines of Sociology." It occurs on page 222.

That there was a dawn of moral consciousness in the human race is certain. We assume that there must have been a time in the history of the human race when men were non-moral. This assumption cannot be directly proved, for we know of no human beings who have no ideas of ethical practice.

This selection shows very poor technique. The proper procedure here is to begin by saying that it is reasonable

to assume that men were once non-moral, for otherwise evolution would not be true. Then say a few kind words about *pithecanthropus erectus*, insisting on the fact that the fragments of the same were found by a Dutchman, a real Nordic. Remark casually that the decadent Latins never discovered anything. Next foretell the price of wheat in Kansas in 1930. Finally drag in Galileo and say that since the time of Cortez priestcraft has damped the ardent spirit of Mexico and put a stop to the really liberal practice of human sacrifice. Do not say a word about "this assumption cannot be directly proved." Of course it can't but nothing is gained by insisting on it. Then cap the climax by stating categorically: "That there was a dawn of moral consciousness in the human race is certain." The poor technique shown by Blackmar and Gillin in asserting as a topic sentence what should be kept as the coping-stone of the whole edifice is really deplorable.

Now let us turn to an author who does the thing perfectly. He will give us an insight into the methods of logic that should be followed in all outlines of any subject. This specimen is taken from the master of those who outline, Mr. Wells himself. It forms a part of a chapter on the ancestry of man, the seventh chapter of the "Outline."

The first scraps of this skull were found in an excavation for road gravel in Sussex. Bit by bit other fragments of this skull were hunted out from the quarry heaps until most of it could be pieced together. It is a thick skull, thicker than that of any living race of men, and it has a brain capacity intermediate between that of *pithecanthropus* and man. This creature has been named *Eoanthropus*, the dawn man.

The procedure here is perfect. Wells begins with a few bits of skull or skulls, for no living man can say whether the fragments mentioned here were all portions of the same skull. But Wells wisely refrains from mentioning this dubious character of the fragments. In the next sentence the doubtful pieces have suddenly attained the stature of a creature. Finally the creature is metamorphosed into a dawn man. From various uncertain traces we arrive by sudden leaps or mutations at the conclusion Wells wanted. No process of reasoning intervenes between the bits and the full-blown creature, but the whole process of suggestion culminates in what seems to the unwary to be proof positive. The whole of the "Outline" teems with examples of this gradual progression of dubious statements into the semblance of a final certitude.

Another favorite method with "modern" thinkers consists in the reversal of the preceding process. There we saw Wells manufacturing facts to fit his theory. A classical example of the opposite method, which consists in

scuttling inconvenient facts because they do not fit your theories, is Durant's new book, "The Story of Philosophy." It pretends to be a history of philosophy. He apparently does not believe that anything worth while or interesting was done in philosophy during the two thousand years from Socrates to Spinoza. So he scuttles the whole business. It is so important to know all about Spinoza and crazy Nietzsche and cheerful Schopenhauer and weathercock William James, and Kant, who wrote several books to tell the world that he knows that he does not know. It is so unimportant to know about the philosophers who built the great universities, fused Greek and Arabian and Catholic thought into a mighty synthesis called Scholasticism, and inspired such poetry as Dante wrote. It is so unimportant to know those who were the founders of that philosophy on which our Declaration of Independence reposes. I thought that this sort of *Sprung ueber das Mittelalter* had passed out with Queen Victoria. But Durant is as deeply shrouded in Victorian fake-history as Wells is in the Darwinian folk-lore.

Here is another brace of examples from modern cerebrators, Georg Brandes' "Hellas," and "Jesus the Myth." I have read many books on the Greek classics and I have read the Greek classics, but I never read such dithyrambic mouthings as this Dane emits abouts the Hellenes. All who have any Greek or suspect that such a literature ever existed know that there are some wonderful things in Greek literature. But why lie about it, and try to palm it off as a substitute for the Gospel of Christ and the Catholic Church? If Hellas was invested with such a crystal air as Brandes says, then why did those who knew it better than he spew it forth at the coming of Christ? Listen to this: "And I felt a desire to stand on Attic soil, to see with my own eyes the places where Xenophon had talked with Socrates, where Plato and Aristotle taught the youth philosophy, the city from which Europe's civilization takes its origin, Athens."

When I read these words I began to think that it seemed a bit partial. ~~Was there not a little place called Judea? Was there not a city on the seven hills beside the yellow Tiber?~~ Was there not a Virgil, the master of a certain Dante? I believe I once heard a far rumor of a man named Benedict whose monastic rule had something to do with civilizing Europe. Yes, I thought of St. Benedict. All that cloud of witnesses to the Faith in the first centuries, who died rather than worship an imperial beast, had they not contributed some of the stuff that is in the civilization of Europe? History tells of a man called Simon Peter, not exactly a Greek, if we may judge him by his Greek letter-writing, but surely an influence in Europe and beyond.

In brief, the dithyrambs of this Dane are but a variation on Durant. There is this difference. Durant admits he is leaving out the Scholastics but Brandes tries to cover up his omissions by cheap rhetoric about the "isles of Greece, the isles of Greece." What can and must be said of the book Brandes has written about Jesus? Merely this. A man so ignorant of European history as Brandes proves himself to be is quite negligible in a matter of first

century history. What Brandes says about Christ is not so important as what Bryan said about Genesis. And what Bryan said about Genesis was not important or useful at all. He simply got mired in a subject with which he was not familiar.

There is a final trick of modern thinkers which should have a place in any outline of logic. It is the trick of trying to make themselves out to be the entire modern world. They appeal to "all modern men." You would think that these "modern men" had a sort of universal high court of scientific justice where they dispense impartial, never-to-be-denied modern truth. What are the facts? The facts are as in the days of Bacon, the man who "founded induction." Of course Tubal Cain was the founder of induction but why disturb Bacon's prestige. Have not all "modern men" said so?

Now in Bacon's day the scientists and "modern men" were eating one another as merrily as today. The ranks of scientists and "modern men" were rent as often as the Church was rent by schism. Bacon despised the real inductive scientists of his day. Did no evolutionist try to excommunicate Bateson? Scientists and not churchmen persecuted Pasteur. There is no such thing as "modern men" who live in a closed circle and have a monopoly of knowledge while the Church mopes in a corner. Hence an appeal to "modern men" as to an orthodox, unanimous, impartial court is silly. We refuse to be browbeaten by an evolutionary science that is so busily scrapping its theories that a man like Wells cannot keep up to the latest nonsense of "modern men." He keeps pitifully setting forth the vintage of rationalism of 1895 while the most up-to-date "modern men" are busily quaffing the elixirs of 1927. To the tired man, to the man sick of the contradictory, crazy and often unintelligible brew of post-Protestant paganism we commend Boethius, Chaucer, Thomas Aquinas and the letters of St. Teresa. It is not worth while to seek truth in these noisy modern pagans, ignorant of the classics, ignorant of their own ancestors, ignorant of the philosophy of the very men who discovered these States. Seeking truth in these moderns is very like hunting a dime in the central ooze of the sea. Perhaps there is a dime there, but who wants it?

THE ITALIAN

Sinewy, lean, and brown, he wields his pick,
Unconscious grace and rhythm in its fail,
The while he digs foundations for a wall,
And round about him stones and shovels click.

Times are, when distant is the fevered clang
Of passing cars, and in its place a sound
Of bells—of mellow bells that cast around
The spell of that *campagna* whence he sprang.

Before him is a green and gentle rise
Of purple vineyards, mounting tier on tier;
Vast reaches of deep blue and cloudless skies,
And vintage time—the gladdest of the year.

The pick is idle for a little space . . .
Then Tony sighs, and slowly wipes his face.

CAROL STONE.

The Missing Knot

JEROME O. HANNON

WE have often heard of men who commenced life on the traditional shoe-string; it is not news to learn that musicians frequently depend for success upon a chord; and it is certainly not startling to find that charitable foundations usually have strings attached. But no man ever commenced lawfully wedded life on a string that was not tied; nor is the music of domestic harmony possible where the chord of marital unity cannot be struck; and no permanent domestic foundation can be charitable unless the strings attached are tied.

A certain notable divine would disagree with the sentiments enmeshed in the paragraph above, if he could follow a line of thought entangled in so many strings. Perhaps to invite him to pursue it might seem like inviting the proverbial fly into the web of disputation, though it is really an attempt to gather the errant flounder into the net of truth.

Your anxious divine is disturbed by a nonentity. He sees a knotty problem where there is no knot. And there is no knot because too much force upon one element caused a snapping of the string before the knot was tied. What matters it that some one ostentatiously went through the motions of tying. It was as if a sleepy man not quite awake made the most beautiful passes over his shoe-strings, without ever touching them. He should not be surprised to find himself later in the day an object of the amused attention of the discourteous. The untied shoe-string is bound to cause him embarrassment as the day goes on. He may say to himself that the string is tied because he did everything that was necessary to tie such a string. But if he says it, he does not remember that, though he made all the motions, he failed to unite the strings. His gestures were so many exercises of physical culture, but no more.

But your divine insists we have a knotty problem, because the knot was tied. The knot was tied because many who were present and witnessed the beautiful gestures of tying say that no greater dexterity could have been exhibited, and no more scrupulous care. But witnesses of this unidentified type, who make their depositions without oath and shoulder no responsibility for their words, hardly recognize dexterity when they see it, and are mostly unacquainted with care of any sort. The same persons would have proved excellent witnesses for the late Houdini to testify that he was securely tied. But the event invariably proved that Houdini was not tied at all, securely or otherwise.

It is as if the crowd of unseeing observers stood before the dazzling window of a haberdashery and witnessed a skilful demonstrator showing ties. Your clever demonstrator can manipulate ties after a wonderful fashion. He can give you the effect of a tied four-in-hand without actually making the knot. Your onlookers, preoccupied with the handsome face of the demonstrator, or his fashionable attire, or the entrancing patterns of the ties, for-

get to note that he is not knotting the ties at all, and when asked a few moments after leaving the window, would be unable to say definitely whether he was really tying the four-in-hands, or merely shaping them over his hands.

The real observers in this mildly celebrated case noted that the tie was merely shaped and not knotted. Under oath they have testified that, in the process of tying, the ribbon snapped at one end, and the knot was made impossible. They are not the irresponsible onlookers who were so agog over the appointments that they missed the essential action; they are the persons intimately concerned in that action and they know of the mishaps that prevented the knot.

But someone has been very naughty, prying into other persons' affairs. What matters it that some dexterous official has waved his hands without tying a knot? It is not for others to be pointing at the haphazard workmanship. It is not for anyone to note the awkwardly adjusted cravat, or the flying shoe-strings. Not even for a mother when nurse has failed so ludicrously? Not even the mother when the child seeks to be rid of an encumbrance, if it is not properly adjusted? Indeed, those who will may in spite of her pretend to see a bond where there is none. The mother only speaks the truth, she does not attempt to cram it into the minds of those who are not its friends.

The good cleric is tempted to tears. With censorious inconsistency he praises and he blames in the same breath. The praise is startling, the blame traditional. But the praise is only the prelude, rather the necessary preliminary, to the blame. Consistency should have made his attitude one of uncompromising blame, insinuating that nothing better could be expected in the premises. That, however, would not be sufficiently spectacular; it would lack the color of the melodramatic. Produce the climax by antithesis. Put up your building to tear it down. Set up your pins to bowl them over. Play any game you like. Make it realistic. But be sure that failure is attributed to your hero in the end. And your dupes with superiority complexes will applaud. Be sure, however, that it is only a game, and that the applause of the onlookers is for the stage failure, in lieu of an anticipated real failure that has never appeared. To think that a Mother should prove so unmotherly, and just at a time when the world looked to that Mother for the support of the institution of motherhood! What a shocking incident! How it appeals to our mental mechanism of inversion! Well does our distinguished censor know how truly the world looks to that Mother for leadership; but he could not admit it until there seemed the opportunity of dealing her a death blow.

But the blow will cost him tears. Economically inclined we might furnish him with a linen sheet of copious proportions. It would encourage him to be as lachrymose as his wounded morals demand and prevent the possibility of a complex from repression. And then when it had served that purpose, and had been hung out on the line to dry, the good cleric could enshroud himself in it as in a patriotic mantle, a second Cicero, perchance, drawing

about him his immaculate toga to denounce a conspiracy against the commonwealth.

The Mother knows when the knot is tied and when it is not. When it is tied the power of royalty and the glare of wealth do not intoxicate her, nor blind her to

the truth. When it is not tied, censorious tongues and pharisaical souls do not discourage her from recognizing it publicly. She is not trying to "keep up with the Joneses"; it is her mission to keep up with Christ, let the world's tongues wag as they may.

Laymen and Broadcasting

MICHAEL D. LYONS

IN the two thousand years the Gospel has been preached an infinite variety of methods have been employed. The most modern, and probably most unusual, is the broadcasting of church services, sermons, and lectures on religious subjects. Radio-broadcasting has been in vogue for only a half dozen years, and yet in that short space of time it has grown to be one of the most important industries of the country. There are today nearly six hundred stations in the United States exclusively devoted to radio-broadcasting, and these are listened to by five million receiving sets.

Radio programs cover every subject and every kind of entertainment that could possibly be borne on the ether. Religion, health, science, travel, domestic arts, agricultural hints, economics, market reports, music, sporting contests, politics—these are only a few of the varieties of programs transmitted daily by the nation's powerful stations.

Even staid college professors and school mistresses are turning to radio. Thirty-six colleges in various parts of the country are now operating broadcasting stations to carry on extension courses. David Sarnoff, Vice-President and General Manager of the Radio Corporation of America, predicts that:

The day will come when every metropolitan Board of Education will have an appropriation for radio broadcasting; when such great educational institutions as Harvard and Yale in the East, and the universities and colleges in all the other parts of the country, will have endowments for special broadcasting services that will carry the sphere of their influence far beyond the lecture room.

Experiments are now being made to conduct many of the classes of even the grammar schools over radio, and it is reported that the initial attempts are very favorable.

Religious organizations were quick to see the possibilities of broadcasting. Most religious services that are broadcasted are sent out from stations owned by newspapers, radio dealers, and broadcasting companies. Catholics too have used this method of advertising the Church of Christ. By this means considerable prestige was gained for the Church at such times as the consecration of the new Cathedral in St. Louis, and even more when the unprecedented celebrations of the week of the Eucharistic Congress were broadcast to the nation by the most ambitious arrangement in the history of radio-broadcasting. We can therefore appreciate the attitude of Bishop Schrembs when he said:

The radio is probably the finest means for saying things that

has ever been perfected. This makes it important that something worth while be said through it. It is a powerful influence for good if the right people do the broadcasting. That is why I feel that every man who has something to say should say it over the radio. The possibilities of radio are enormous.

Non-Catholic religious bodies own and operate for propaganda purposes some forty-seven stations in this country. Catholics, however, have only five stations that are owned and operated for religious purposes. These are the Paulist station of New York (WLWL); Marquette University, Milwaukee (WHAD); Father E. P. Graham's station, Canton, Ohio (WHBC); St. Louis University, St. Louis (WEW); and St. John's University, Collegeville, Minnesota (WFBJ). Marquette and St. Louis recently enlarged their stations and increased their power.

It is evident that whereas the Catholics form a half of the church-goers of the land they own and operate not one-tenth of the religious radio-broadcasting stations. This situation can be remedied in two ways. The Catholic laity should contribute to the erection of more Catholic stations, as the Catholic Laymen's Association of St. Louis did for WEW, and Catholics, both clergy and laity, should use the opportunities offered of broadcasting over the stations owned by newspapers and radio firms.

During the summer of 1926 one hundred members of the Camp Morton Lay Apostolate of Winnipeg, Canada, under the direction of the Paulists, have been preaching in the open air in many of the small towns of Manitoba. Something of the kind may be begun in the United States, at least in some sections which certainly need an acquaintance with Catholic teachings; but until that is done radio-broadcasting should be utilized for the same purpose.

High-school and college students are peculiarly fitted for a modest apostolate over the microphone. In connection with their classes in English they can write short addresses very acceptable to the generality of radio fans. It will probably be found best to begin with such subjects as comments on the sporting situation, talks on local history, and short stories. Later they can introduce accounts of the foreign missions taken from some missionary magazine or book, explanation of Catholic ceremonies and symbolism, and even, under the direction of the proper ecclesiastical authorities, read selections from works on Catholic apologetics.

Managers of radio stations are generally pleased to find speakers prepared to deliver entertaining talks at regular intervals. Some persons who have never suspected any

such ability on their part have speedily become very popular as readers or speakers over the radio. Once they are known to their audiences they can effect much good by occasionally treating of Catholic subjects in the course of their talks, or they can secure permission to give talks on religion alone over stations not owned or controlled by the Catholic Church.

Some are deterred from speaking over the radio because they feel that they have not the requisite talents, but this is generally an idle excuse, for the chief requisite of a radio speaker is only the power of self-inspiration. There is no sea of faces in the radio studio to encourage one, and so through the imagination one must develop a vocal personality. Some singers and speakers, it will be interesting to know, go so far as to gesticulate before the microphone.

One need not have a strong voice for broadcasting. The speaker's audience is in effect no farther from him than the microphone he speaks into. Hence he need not and should not shout.

Laymen who do not feel that they are able to play the role of radio-speaker, or who, maybe, are too bashful, or held back from some other cause can effect much good by manifesting their approval of worthy programs and by protesting against those that are liable to be of harm to some radio fans. By this means managers can be induced to eliminate dubious songs or talks and give instead selections and subjects of an elevating nature. Whole sodality organizations can be utilized for this purpose. Quite vigorous protests would be felt by directors of radio-broadcasting stations if sodalists would agree to send in letters and phone calls and get their friends to do the same whenever these stations fail in the trust the Government has placed in them by granting them licenses for broadcasting.

BELATED GIFTS

Not long ago she came to you
With roses in her hair:
You wished to know if roses grew
That she should place them there!

You chided her and saw the blur
Of tears bedim her eyes;
You went to her—without demur
She gave to you your prize.

(These roses you had grown with care:
Was that why they had grown
The summer through—that she should wear
Them, take them for her own?

You had but few and needed them
To make an envied show
At some review—to diadem
Her hair they did not grow.)

Ah, cruel soul that should have said
Such words to one so fair:
Now kindness dole—you give the dead
Your roses for her hair.

P. J. O'CONNOR DUFFY.

Gilbert Keith Chesterton: An Interview

ANDRUE BERDING

NO one could more truthfully and literally be said to be in constant touch with his audience than G. K. Chesterton. His enormous person, which he brought with him to Oxford to accompany his brain while he lectured one recent Saturday night, protruded out into the audience and made them feel that Mr. Chesterton was indeed very much among them. Mr. Chesterton might have stepped from an illustrated edition of Thackeray as he stood before his audience in a fourth-floor hall in the ancient university city of Oxford. Genial, expansive to the point where his stiff shirt-front found it impossible to maintain its dignity and hopelessly gave up the struggle, witty beyond imitation, and withal deeply philosophic and observant, he made a steel engraving in my mind.

If I could sketch with lines as well as with words I could draw him now from memory . . . his steel-gray hair, which flows down the back of his huge head; his twinkling eyes behind the spectacles whose ribbon dangled to his shirt-front; his high forehead which shone in the brilliance of the unshaded English electric lights; his nervous, though pudgy, hands, and the ring that seemed to give him inspiration while he talked, for he lifted it up and glanced at it whenever he paused for thought. Having drawn the cartoon of this big man whose big thoughts went out to a big audience, I might put words in his mouth, cartoon-fashion. But they would be in very small letters, for his voice seems out of proportion to his size and its sounding board. During the lecture Mr. Chesterton became somewhat hazy, for in English show-houses and lecture-rooms one is permitted to smoke; but his words came through the mist, clear if not strong, and powerful in thought if not in sound.

After the lecture I had a most interesting interview with him. I found him everything his books had led me to believe him to be—and more. I had read before that he was a portly soul, that his clothes always had difficulties in making both ends meet, and when I saw him personally he no more than filled my expectations. But when I talked to him personally I saw that he was a greater man than his books made him out to be, or at any rate greater than my poor powers of internal criticism had depicted him. I found a mind which is unafraid for its own convictions, yet tolerant of the convictions of others. I found a mind which had triumphed over ridicule and opposition, and bore the subtle marks of triumph, assurance without vanity, self-confidence without arrogance. Behind that enormous shirt-front—if I mention shirt-front more than a dozen times in this article please pardon me, for it was, you see, very much in evidence—beats a stalwart heart, which will carry its colossal temple to still greater heights.

I asked him first why he had not come over to America to see us again. He pleaded as an excuse his journalistic

connections, particularly *G.K.'s Weekly*, which he must keep going week in and week out. He told me of his first and only trip to America some ten years ago, when he stayed only three months and was glad to get back to his work.

We talked of the position of Catholics in England at the present time. Mr. Chesterton was very much in earnest on this point.

"The Protestant forces are calling out their reserves," he said. "They realize the steady growth in Catholic numbers and influence in the last generation. They have become jealous watchers of our every movement. The fact that one of their Bishops just recently released another attack against Catholicism is good evidence that the Catholics of England are making themselves felt."

I asked him then what he would have the Catholic Church of England do to augment its forces.

"It is going so well at present," he replied, "that a continuance of its present calm, serene life will carry it on fast enough. There is no use in spectacular means of bringing about something that will find its own solution."

Our conversation came back to America—and here Mr. Chesterton gave voice to views which increased my admiration for him greatly. Being an American and having been a visitor in England, I was not altogether in agreement with this Englishman who had been a visitor in America. But they were views that were founded on keen observation, leavened by a philosophic outlook.

"There are many differences and similarities between Englishmen and Americans, mentioned by every author who has touched on the subject, and every after-dinner speaker before societies formed to promote better feeling between England and the United States," he said. "I believe, however, that the external differences between Americans and Englishmen are not enough to keep them apart, and their similarities are not enough to bring them together.

"I am of opinion that the chief characteristic of the American is a capacity for mass organization. The American citizen organizes with other citizens easily, rapidly and effectively for every purpose under the sun. He organizes to control trade, to control government. Deprive the American body of common citizens, in one stroke, of their government, and the United States will go on as before, electing new leaders and keeping up its government. Deprive the Englishman of his government over night and he will be stunned, not having the capacity for organization the American has. The loss of his leaders would throw him into a panic and he would not know what to do. The American propensity for organization shows itself at times in strange forms, for instance, lynching, but it has also been productive of great results.

"On the other hand, the Englishman's characteristic is individuality. He does not want to become part of an organization. He wants to be sufficient within himself. The Englishman is most cordial when he is alone. If he gets on a train in London for Scotland his proudest boast is that he had a compartment all to himself. The

American is a cog in a big machine. The Englishman tries to be his own machine. For generations the Englishman has been jealously protecting his liberty. For generations the American has been jealously protecting his democracy, so that now the Englishman has liberty and the American, democracy. If I substitute for the word democracy mass organization you will know what I mean. The word individuality which characterizes the Englishman might have for its substitute, eccentricity. The persons who have had the greatest power in English thought have been the eccentrics, the men who wandered here and there until they were forced to give vent to their emotions and mental struggles.

"I have often heard the expression—England is becoming Americanized. This is not at all a fact. It is true indeed that great American commercial institutions have invaded England and have made part of our trade their own. But I am not at all of the opinion that the establishment of Woolworth stores and Selfridge stores is going to make the Englishman into an American. It will never deprive the Englishman of that distinguishing characteristic, his feeling of individuality.

"If a union of the two peoples were to be brought about, it would only be by a fusion of these two ideas, the liberty of the Englishman and the democracy of the American. No other handshaking across the sea will do it."

THE CAVALRY OF CHRIST

Adown the trails of dusty vales
The ring of hoofs is heard.
A gallant band is riding forth
By hopes of victory spurred.
"They ride with Christ their Captain"
To keep a holy tryst,
By faith and hope and love made strong—
The Cavalry of Christ.

To hut and ranch their by-paths branch,
They ride by ones and twos;
Through dense mesquitē-covered wilds
They carry God's good news.
Queen Mary's banner high is borne,
And simple souls, enticed,
They conquer and subdue to grace—
The Cavalry of Christ.

To Texas from far lands they've come
Led by the lure of souls,
And well content their lives be spent
In unheroic roles.
They asked no earthy heritage:
The Lord alone sufficed
To be their portion and their cup—
The Cavalry of Christ.

Their arm is strong to right each wrong,
Their lips to preach God's Word,
The Crucifix upon their breast
Serves better than a sword.
"They ride with Christ their Captain,"
Each hardship lightly priced
Can they but keep the path He points—
The Cavalry of Christ.

PAUL A. LEWIS, O.M.I.

Education

Educating for Leadership

W. D. COMMINS

FOR a long time, American educators had been basing their administrative efforts upon the doctrine that education, in the great scheme of things, was meant for the masses. Not only were all men created free and equal, but, as far as the educators were concerned, they were to remain so. Democracy was to be the keystone of the educational arch just as it was the cornerstone of the political superstructure. The public schools were the device of the nation by which this policy was to be effected, and there was an immediate and long-lasting attempt to standardize and to bring to obnoxious uniformity everything connected with them. There were the grade-schools with nine grades and a year for each grade, and a standardized curriculum that would mean that you might expect with equal justice that a third grade boy in Portland, Oregon, would know just as much about "The Little Red Hen" and "The Three Bears" as a third grade boy in Portland, Maine. But the surprising thing was that you would not expect the little boy in Portland, Oregon, to know any more about the aforesaid animals, or any other matter of information than the little boy in Portland, Maine, or vice versa. They both were third-grade boys. And if this was true of two children separated by a continent, it would manifestly be only a truer description of conditions obtaining within the same city and within the same class.

The high schools held out a prospect of differentiation that seemed at first to be a reversal of the conditions prevailing in the grades in that they offered courses leading to a specialization of educational effort. All high-school students were not at least cast in one big mould. But the truth of it is that they were still cast in moulds, only the moulds were smaller. There was the business course, and the classical course, and the arts course, and each within its sphere attempted to bring about the same uniformity that was the pride and joy of the grade schools.

Even the colleges and the universities were pushed into the melting pot and they came out at the end of the process all shining and stamped with the official seal, "None genuine without this mark." The State universities, the protégés of the politicians, led the way and placed upon their students the official and equalizing stamp of education. Of course there were different grades and qualities under which the manufactured article might be classified, according to the length of time or sequence of courses he pursued. But whether he was a B.Sc., an A.B., or A.M., he had the official stamp, and this made him like every other individual marked with the same sign. The State system of education formed such a thoroughly uniform and continuous series that not only was it thought true that any five-year-old boy was the potential President of the United States but that the same five-year-old, by the same method of reasoning, must also be considered the potential president of the State university or of any university in the land.

This condition obtained not only throughout the public-school systems and State institutions of learning, but its influence was also felt in private schools. We had standardized curricula and standardized examinations for the grade children, the high schools became affiliated with universities, which accredited their work, and the universities adopted the "credit" system of accounting and turned deans' offices into bookkeeping establishments. By taking the proper courses in Catholic colleges, a student might even become the equal of his fellows in religion, provided he took the same number of semester-hours in that subject. The Catholic school system, also, measured out education on the instalment plan, and true to the ideals of democracy, measured it out to all comers in the same amounts.

But conditions of such a kind were not always to exist. Along came the educational psychologists and the mental testers to break in upon the even tenor of our ways and to create consternation among the rank and file of the fundamentalists by declaring that the doctrine of education for democracy was not only an illusion but a chimera. And they had whole reams of data to back up their contentions. It was found out by giving intelligence tests that children were born with a certain modicum of capacity, and that this fundamental capacity did not increase throughout the individual's career. It was more or less a matter of indifference what kind of training the children were subjected to. The old innate differences in mental equipment were always recurring, and a standardized form of instruction, instead of equalizing the abilities of the children only accentuated their individual differences. The new school in education, still wishing to retain the name in a country where democracy seemed to be a great political success, put forth the doctrine that democracy in education did not mean equal instruction, but rather equal opportunity for all to develop in accordance with their innate capacities.

This was a rather rude jolt for stern democrats, since even the retention of the slogan, "democracy in education," did not quite satisfy them. The new interpretation of the phrase almost nullified its former meaning.

The study of the exceptional child began to take on a new significance. As the exceptionally dull child had always been more or less adequately cared for, because otherwise he tended to develop into a social problem, educators began to lay great stress upon the importance of looking after the exceptionally bright child, who had heretofore been more or less neglected. Some advised acceleration through the grades, others an enriched curriculum, and others special classes. The great problem was, "What are we going to do for these young geniuses in order that their talents and abilities may not lie fallow?" Intelligence tests were given with renewed zeal to children throughout the grades in order that these bright children might immediately be selected for the application of special measures and be no longer subjected to the deadening lock-step suited for the normal child. School authorities throughout the country were awakened to a new problem.

Higher institutions of learning were again infected with the spirit that moved educators in general. We find that all kinds of plans are being evolved for the care of the brilliant student, ranging from the possibility of acceleration by allowing him to take more than the usual number of credit-hours per semester up to the introduction of work of a graduate character or the establishment of "honors" courses. A late suggestion is made by President Frank of Wisconsin, who would seem to recommend that we have a two-year college course for the "masses" earning an appropriate degree, while we should reserve the four-year course for the more serious-minded and the more brilliant student. Every now and then we read of a group of university professors meeting to consider the possibility of raising the intellectual standards of the college youth. The whole educational world seems to be getting dissatisfied with standardized education for everybody. We are aiming at education for leadership.

This idea of educating for leadership, which seems such a new idea to the world at large, is not such a new idea at all to Catholic education. In fact if we follow the history of Catholic education through the ages, we will find that the Church schools, while not denying education to the masses or to anyone that wished it, were not built upon the principle that everybody was to follow through from his first year of school life to the very last year of the university curriculum. The higher institutions, in particular, were meant for a relatively few (any few at all, however, that had the ability to attain to this distinction), and not for the masses. The products of the universities were meant to be leaders of public thought and action, not highly informed every-day citizens of the community. There was the same plan of pyramidal organization in the educational system as was apparent in the polity of the Church, which was the moving spirit behind it. The democracy of the Church consists in the fact that worldly rank, however humble, is no deterrent to progress within its fold, but the government of the Church cannot be said to be democratic. The educational system was perhaps an outgrowth of ecclesiastical polity.

The fact that the Church has been known to espouse the principle of education for leadership is of course no a priori proof that this is the correct principle. Whether standardized education for the masses is the best thing, only time will tell. There is at least no possibility at present of denying to our school children an education which their grandfathers and great-grandfathers could have hardly dreamed of. We could not retrograde even if we wished. But there now looms before us the problem of discovering upon which side of the balance to place the greatest weight. Is our educational system to be built upon the plan of equal education for all, or shall we educate for leadership?

If educators come to the conclusion that education for leadership is to be the basic underlying principle, then we may expect great things of Catholic education, because it has been in this field that Catholic education has shone in the past. It will be revived by an impregnation of the old spirit that actuated the Catholic education of centuries

ago, and that still actuates the governing of the Church itself. I wonder if "Education for Democracy" has always rung true to the Catholic educator's ear. Even though Catholic institutions of higher learning have done wonders under such a banner, I wonder if at heart they have not felt a little out of their element.

Sociology

We Opulent Americans!

JOHN WILTBYE

BY the onset of Winter which, according to the astrologers and the "World Almanac," began at a quarter before ten on the morning of Wednesday, December 22, 1926, I was planning to transfer myself from the near-Ford class to the Rolls-Royces. Secretary Hoover had been telling us how well off we were, as you will remember, and the President took up the cry, but with the canny reservation that some seemed to confound the knocking of the Peri of prosperity at their doors with the more familiar woofing of the wolf. Then came the front-page headlines, coy recesses in whose depths Judge Gary lies at ease, demure as any violet. These conveyed the information that the Steel Corporation, the worthy judge's barometer of prosperity, was never more prosperous; they vaguely hinted that the resistless surge of this prosperity-wave would put a fowl (possibly a penguin, to save the figure) in every peasant's pot on Christmas Eve. I jingled my pennies importantly, and like Micawber dreamed of a mansion at the western end of Oxford Street.

But Winter set in with freezing and a falling glass when on the following morning, I read in the esteemed *Times*:

MOTHER OF 3 FACES CHEERLESS CHRISTMAS

Husband Gone, Herself and Her
Children Starving, Destitute
Woman Appeals to Police.

She is but twenty-eight; the children are Morris, three and a half years old; Eugene, nearly two, and George, ten months. Her "home" was a room in a tenement not half a mile away from the palaces in which Judge Gary and his friends sit in luxury, to talk, after distributing hundreds of millions in stock-dividends, of our unexampled prosperity. Coming "home" cold, hungry, worn-out, after a day spent in fruitless search for work, she finds a message from a friend, as poor as herself, who had been giving shelter to two of the children. But the strain has become too great; her own struggle for a living nears a crisis; she can no longer find the few pennies necessary for the support of these forlorn babies. And so almost on the eve of Christmas Day, the destitute mother goes to a police station and begs the sergeant to arrest her.

Now by persons who live and have always lived west of Hoboken, the New York policeman is not commonly regarded as a candidate for canonization. Let us, who know him somewhat better, place what follows (as we

may be sure that Our Father in Heaven has already placed it to his credit. It is by no means an isolated instance.

Refuge was found at once for the two older children and they were sent to the Children's Society overnight. The sergeant had the choice of only two places to send the woman. He could give her a ticket for a night's lodging at the Municipal Lodging House, or he could send her to a police station where there were cells for women.

He chose the latter alternative, and Mrs. —— and her baby were taken to the West 123d Street Station. There Captain James Wall and the patrolmen raised a small sum for her, as she was booked on a charge of vagrancy. In the Night Court Magistrate August Glatzmeyer dismissed the charge and with the small sum the policemen had gathered for her she returned to her room.

grateful, I say, that while you and I planned our Christmas revels, she, poor creature, by submitting to arrest and to arraignment with the offscourings of humanity in a police court, had found shelter from the pitiless storm for her little flock, and milk for the babe clutched to a bosom too young for the lodgment of this searing agony.

But here is Exhibit No. 2, supplied by the New York *Sun*, on December 23, 1926:

GIRL FOUND STARVING

Blonde of 19 Sent to Harlem Hospital by Police.

Suffering from malnutrition, a girl who described herself as Gertrude ——, 19 years old, of ——, ——, was taken to Harlem Hospital early this morning from the West 123d street police station. She had not been able to swallow the soup and rolls Lieut. Michael Downes had sent out for.

Leaning against the holiday-decorated store windows in 125th street, between Seventh and Eighth avenues, the girl was observed by Patrolman Charles Dorfman, who questioned her and then took her to the station, where the lieutenant realized she was famished.

Before being taken to the hospital the girl said she had a mother and sister in ——, but did not want them notified, lest their Christmas be spoiled. She said she had no permanent address in New York.

"No permanent address in New York"! Here is a story made to your hand, you sociologists, or would be, were it not already too, too familiar.

We began with a reference to the Steel Corporation. Let us close with a quotation from the *Congressional Record* for December 21, as Exhibit No. 3:

"STOCK DIVIDENDS OF CORPORATIONS

"Mr. Norris. I ask unanimous consent, out of order, to introduce a Senate resolution. I ask that it be read and then if there is any desire to have it go over under the rule I shall not object.

"The Vice-President. Does the Senator desire immediate consideration of the resolution?

"Mr. Norris. I desire to have it read.

"The Vice-President. The clerk will read the resolution.

"The chief clerk read the resolution (S. Res. 304), as follows:

Whereas it has become the usual practice of corporations, in order to protect stockholders from the payment of income-taxes, to declare stock-dividends; and

Whereas this procedure enables corporations to acquire com-

peting plants and in this way avoid the provisions of the anti-trust laws; and

Whereas in order to legislate on this subject the Senate should be fully informed as to the extent of this practice: Therefore be it

Resolved, That the Federal Trade Commission be, and it is hereby, directed to ascertain and report to the Senate the names and the capitalization of corporations that have issued stock-dividends, together with the amount of such stock-dividends, since the decision of the Supreme Court holding that stock-dividends were not taxable, and to ascertain and report the same information as to the same corporations, for the same period of time prior to such decision.

"The Vice-President. Is there objection to the immediate consideration of the resolution?

"Mr. Ernst. I object."

Perhaps the Senate might obtain a better view of the entire field if after consultation with Messrs. Hoover, Gary, Schwab, and others among our leading and opulent optimists, it would adjourn to the West 123d Street Station and there confer with Captain James Wall, Lieutenant Michael Downes, and Patrolman Charles Dorfman, of the New York police. These may not know much about the theory of stock dividends, but they do know much about the facts of destitution.

With Scrip and Staff

THE true pilgrim, *pellegrino*, according to Dante, in the strict sense of the word, is not the Rome-faring wanderer, nor yet the palmer, *palmiger*, traveling to Jerusalem. He is the voyager to the shrine of St. James at Compostella in Spain, *verso la casa di San Jacopo*. This particular pilgrimage has come somewhat into disuse for the mass of Catholics. Lourdes, Lisieux, and other more recent places have outrivaled it. Yet I believe that quite apart from the spiritual benefits which St. James would bring to those who like himself have had to "plough the rock" of discouragement and apparent failure, we American Catholics, with all our progress, could learn much by an occasional look-in at Spain of today. Since we usually speak of the Spaniards in the past tense, we find it hard to think that they ever run further along the path of progress than ourselves. Least of all is it considered likely that they should give us any sort of example as to our chief specialty, which is democracy. Still there is something uncommon in the sight of an entire parish, one in which there are marked differences of station and wealth, fraternizing in the way that has been managed in Spain, in the work of the Closed Parish Retreats. The entire parish, as a body, do not merely assemble in the Church for instructions and devotions. They shut themselves off from the rest of the world, in special living quarters, as a unit, to meditate for a few days on the eternal truths. Employers and employees, workmen and landed proprietors, rich and poor, go on their knees together, and eat the same fare from the same board. Father M. M. S. Navarro, S.J., who conducts these closed retreats for parishes, reports results as most encouraging: a wonderful impulse to parish

societies and activities, and a marked improvement in morals and piety. 5,700 persons made them in 1925. Moreover, the exercitants paid for them. A plan by which the wealthier members should compensate the poorer ones for their loss of time and wages was rejected as savoring of a patronizing spirit. The spirit of democracy is to be maintained throughout.

IN this country we are still a little slow in catching up with the idea that Catholics, as Catholics, should aid in the solution of that problem which underlies most of our economic order, the eternal problem of the land. We leave it here to the casual speculator. In Spain, as in several other European countries, the problem is being handled by Catholic social workers, who accept in a practical sense the words of Pope Leo XIII, when he insisted, as a prime concern of justice, that the number of individual land-owners should be increased as far as possible. The Catholic Agricultural Federations of Spain do not await realty developments. They simply buy the land through syndicates, and sell it in parcels to the people. They also sell fertilizers, implements, etc., on a cooperative basis. To take a single example. The Syndicate of Venialbo acquired a property of 339 hectares (about 840 acres), sold it for \$22,663 and thus enabled 60 workmen to acquire land properties of their own. The Syndicate of Vega de Villalobos bought for \$28,139 a tract of 400 hectares (988 acres), which was distributed among 80 small proprietors and colonists, and 40 workmen who as yet had no pieces of their own, and so on with other localities. All these operations, of course, are based on long-term credit arrangements. But the arrangements are managed by the participants themselves to an extent that no Catholic social undertaking in this country has as yet ventured upon. From 1917, when his movement first began, to 1925 inclusive, \$4,568,152 was handled in this system of land distribution, which is giving democracy a root in the soil.

STANGE that we can bring life from the soil, and yet know so little of its actual principle. Dr. Charles Mayo, the famous surgeon, quietly punctured the bubble of materialist boasting in his recent address before the Chicago and Northwestern Railway Surgical Association in Chicago. Although the modern surgeon has explored every nook and corner of the body, although he knows to the last detail its composition and functions, he has never yet put his finger on the source of all this living activity. "Like the small boy with a watch," said Dr. Mayo, "we have taken man's form apart and put it together again, but as yet are hazy about the force that makes it run." Such haziness is inevitable for those who distrust reason itself, when it points to something beyond the senses. Light shines only through the fog when our Faith so strengthens and purifies our reasoning powers that they can teach us the clue to the mystery, the presence within us of a spiritual, immortal soul.

THE PILGRIM.

Literature

The Trend of the Novel

COMPTON MACKENZIE

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[The present article by Mr. Mackenzie belongs to the series of papers contributed by the most eminent Catholic novelists on the subject of the modern novel and published in AMERICA during 1926. This series on the novel has made a profound impression on Catholic literature and thought. And this article by Mr. Mackenzie cannot but be regarded as one of the most distinctive in the whole series. It disagrees with many of the opinions expressed by the other novelists, and it offers a theory to which many of the other novelists would be adverse. It touches upon a problem that is vital to the Catholic novel, and must, therefore, be pondered with a sincerity and an honesty equal to that which has inspired Mr. Mackenzie.—ED. AMERICA.]

THE novel is a mongrel of literature. That may be the reason why no critic has succeeded in establishing canons by which it may be judged, and why it flourishes most conspicuously with mongrel nationalities like the English, the American, and the French, though in putting forward such a theory I do not forget that "War and Peace" which many, myself included, would call the greatest novel ever written, was Russian. This mixture of blood leads critics to ascribe to the novel diverse origins and readers to demand from it diverse objects.

In Plato's "Symposium," Diotima, the Wise Woman of Matinea, suggests to Socrates that all arts are a kind of poetry, even though the name poetry be only accorded to the work of those who specialize in what is concerned with music and meters. Poetry, she declares, is that which passes from not being into being. Now, if the poetry of 400 B.C. was perceived to be more than one thing, what a much more extensively complicated and more numerously faceted thing the poetry of A.D. 1926 would have seemed to Diotima and Socrates? Today music, which for so many centuries was subordinate to the chanted word or the movement of the dance, occupies a position sufficiently mighty and independent to warrant a contention that the future of great art is in its keeping. Contemporary verse, contemporary sculpture, and contemporary painting bear all the marks of a fatigue that is due partly to the oppressive awareness of an already achieved perfection within the limitations of mortality, partly to the discouragement of attempting to fix in a permanent design the rapidly shifting kaleidoscope of a life that denies to the artist the tranquillity Wordsworth required for the recollection of emotion. I do not mean the loss of external tranquillity due to the corruption of the human mind by machinery. One can still retreat from mere noise. It is the loss of intellectual tranquillity from which the artist suffers.

A literature inspired by revolt will always have a passionate value, and provisionally often an esthetic value, but when the conditions that inspired revolt are no longer apparent, such a literature tends to become as personal as a dream or a love-letter without any objective reality. I may claim in these pages without being involved in an

argument, that only a Catholic can possess the intellectual tranquillity necessary to the creative manifestations in art of the human soul. Yet no unprejudiced critic can affirm that the security of Faith has produced much great painting or verse since the Renaissance, though it is remarkable and, as I think, profoundly significant that all the greatest musicians have either been Catholics or inspired by the Catholic attitude toward existence. I would claim that for Bach and even for Wagner. It is generally supposed that great art requires intellectual freedom as much as tranquillity in which to flourish, and Mr. George Moore has devoted a great deal of his enchanting prose to arguing from that postulate the failure of Catholics to produce great painting or great verse or even great prose. The answer is that the saints are the artists of the Catholic Church. From the moment that God was Incarnate and ceased to be a Sublime Idea the creativeness of man the artist was humbled before the supreme act of Self-Creation. May one be allowed to perceive in the triplexity of the arts an infinitely faint adumbration of the Holy Trinity? May one suggest that painting and sculpture, which it should be observed are always the earliest arts to develop, seek with human feebleness to express the Father; that poetry, whether in verse or prose, seeks to express the Son; and that music, always the latest development, seeks to express the Holy Spirit? I use the word "express" in the sense that anybody might speak of expressing the sea with the poor echo of it heard in a dusty shell.

To return to Diotima. I venture to contend that the poetic impulse which she would recognize as most authentic to-day (unless, as is arguable, she would only recognize the true poetic impulse in what we loosely call science) would be the novel. Most of what verse did in the past music will be doing in the future, and what music cannot do (I regard the present tendency to divagate into excessive representationalism as a blind alley) the novel, or, what one hopes it will become, imaginative prose, will have to do.

I am not prepared to maintain that the novel, at any rate in the form it possesses at present, is the highest expression of the poetic impulse in man; indeed I am ready to argue that it is definitely the lowest, and the fact that as novelists women, for the first time in the history of art, are genuinely competing with men seems to me a proof of this. I do not believe that any woman ever has been a supreme artist except in the lower forms of art and, unless some profound physiological change takes place in her, I do not believe that she ever will be a supreme artist. The same may be noticed in science. In biology, which is the novel of science, woman can hold her own. In mathematics, which is the music of science, she is nowhere.

The novel began, as verse presumably began, with epic narrative. Epics in verse declined into fancy-dress diversions. Keats, who had as clear a critical eye as anybody, killed the epic in verse when he abandoned "Hyperion." Had he been born a century later it is dreadfully probable that he would never have written verse at all. If Shakes-

peare were writing now, I fancy he would be writing novels. Just as verse with the development of humanity broke up into various forms which broadly may be called epic, lyric, and dramatic, so by now the novel has a large number of potential aspects, which, more's the pity, writers on esthetics do not condescend to discuss. An Aristotle or a Goethe might have something valuable to say about what for good or for ill is the most spontaneous art form of our period. Lyric verse flickered for a moment on the battlefields of Flanders, but it was at best a dim phosphorescence of the agonized mind. Great verse died with Shelley. The drama blazes with a momentary and deceitful splendor, but the drama as we have known it since Aeschylus is slowly dying. Euripides killed the Attic drama. Ibsen killed modern drama. Each in his own way was too good for it.

The trend of modern life is set strongly against any drama, familiar to us as such. It still prospers as a form of entertainment particularly in America, where there is a much larger unsophisticated audience than anywhere in Europe; but with all its amazing competence it remains an essentially commercial undertaking, and the modern American drama seems to have no more serious claim to be considered a manifestation of the poetic impulse than the plays of Scribe or Sardou. A novel like "Babbitt" is to my mind worth the sum total of American plays produced during the last decade. If the cinema ever takes any part in drama it will be a destructive part. We are always being told that the cinema is in its infancy. That is obvious. We are invited to believe that it will grow up and provide us with a new form of art. That seems doubtful. Let us get back to the novel, which, mongrel though it be, has at any rate the vitality which is a characteristic of mongrels.

The poetic faculty of the novelist can be exercised, broadly speaking, in two ways: by telling what he knows to be lies and by telling what he conceives to be the truth. Now, although superficially the latter would seem the worthier exercise of that faculty, it is clear that the narrator of noble lies may do much less harm than the exponent of base truths. I presume that few readers of this series would not hurriedly assent to the proposition that the novels of James Joyce have done more damage to morals than the novels of Sir Walter Scott. Superficially this must appear to Catholics such a self-evident proposition as scarcely to be worth stating, and yet with all the gravity I can command I would ask them to pause and consider this mentally exasperated time of ours before they do assent to it. But it is hardly fair to match Joyce's work against the novels of another epoch. Let me take a typical modern romance, which is credited with as much good as the harm of "Ulysses." Must I be considered wrong-headed in believing that the contrary is the case? A book like "If Winter Comes" lulls people into a false security. Its moral influence is ultimately as ineffective as an organ's. It makes the tired business man feel good, and in feeling good imagine that he has fulfilled his duty to God and his neighbor. Novels like "If Winter Comes" are paving stones of Hell. I

make this assertion without the slightest desire to be offensive, and I should not dream of making it had "If Winter Comes" been accepted everywhere as nothing but an excellent fairy-tale. It is because I have constantly seen it held up as an example to the wicked "realists" of what real life is that I must protest against it as a relaxing book, which for me is the same thing as an immoral book, though let me make it clear that I regard entertainment as one of the justifications for writing novels and that while saluting "If Winter Comes" as an entertainment I am condemning it as a sermon. And the sad thing is that the author of this book thought that he was telling the truth about humanity. His moral purpose in evolving this romantic lie was unimpeachable. I should guess that he had never suffered from a momentary doubt that he was writing about real people and about life as it is lived; and thanks to his complete sincerity he was able to delight myriads with recognizable human beings, recognizable, however, not because they were human beings, but because they followed the strict conventions and prejudices of the average reader's mind.

Until the camera induced people to look more carefully at the action of horses in a race countless pictures were painted of horses galloping in an unnatural attitude. If a painter had represented them as they really were before the camera destroyed the old formula his horse would not have been recognized as doing what they were supposed to be doing. Yet if it is impossible now to return to the old convention, many of us feel that the photographic reproduction also errs, and it is dissatisfaction with the camera that is driving so many contemporary painters into approaching their art from an entirely fresh angle. But the apotheosis of the camera through the cinematograph is not merely affecting drama and painting, it must obviously be affecting the novel equally. It seems to me clear that more and more readers will demand from the novel something that only the novel can give them. And if the novel fails to supply this the novel will decline into a fancy-dress diversion and die.

In pessimistic moments I incline to the belief that all art will slowly die if the mechanical development of this planet continues at the present rate very much longer. Few will deny that imagination is turning more and more to science, farther and farther away from art all the time. However, perhaps, when this epoch of poetic science is exhausted our descendants will return to art, though I find it incredible that the art of such a future will use the same formulas and conventions as those with which we are still struggling. I feel that music may be the only form of genuine poetry that will survive. But let that pass. We are still struggling, and every Catholic novelist who pretends to offer more than mild and wholesome entertainment must have asked himself what is to be his own attitude in this struggle.

To be frank, I am ill equipped to write anything illuminating or even serviceable about the modern novel, because my reading in that direction is severely restricted. I cannot afford the time to be omnivorous of fiction, demanding as I do every moment I can secure to my own

learning. So, when I do read a novel it has usually been strongly recommended beforehand, and therefore my general impression of contemporary fiction is not of its banality but of its extreme cleverness. I am sometimes a little disturbed by that cleverness, and find myself wondering if the novel may not ultimately expire as a vital form of art from congestion of the brain. Fine clothes may make a fine doll, but they will not give it life. Anthony Trollope is a warning to this generation. He died and was buried and passed into what looked like the immediate oblivion deserved by any man who wrote two or three novels a year that simple folk could read with pleasure. And now here he is again as much alive as ever. The life he gave to his characters was not apparent while their author was alive himself, nor indeed until his own generation had passed away. Trollope's people were so like real dull ordinary people as to seem hardly worth the trouble of producing. It was not obvious that he was writing as it was obvious that Meredith was writing, or as it was obvious in our time that Conrad was writing, and it was generally felt that anybody who could stoop to such photography could do as well as that.

By the way, before the invention of photography what was the stigma that critics cast upon photographic writers? Aristophanes would certainly have called Euripides a photographic dramatist if there had been kodaks on the Areopagus in those days. I have often been assured by American "intellectuals" that "Main Street" and "Babbitt" are no more than clever photography. Yet I have no doubt that both these novels will be read one day to find out what America was like in this tumbledown time of ours. My own opinion is that no novel which does not reflect sanely and with some catholicity of mind its own age has any chance of life hereafter. Every age will have its own intimate novelists. The coprolites of the great saurians have an interest for geologists because even a coprolite from the vast unknown past is something; but the coprolites of contemporary cerebration will never be noticed by the trillions that swarm ahead of us in the abyss of futurity.

I do not recognize in Catholic novelists as a body the least tendency to grapple with life as a whole, and despairing though the task may seem in this complicated age one might expect something more than sectarian writing from the only writers who have the Truth. Perhaps the Protestant temperament is a happier one for the novelist to possess. Its very egocentricity is valuable, for the fashion of the time favors endogenous writing. And then one of the troubles of a Catholic writer is that he has less illusions about humanity than a Protestant or a rationalist. Credulous he may be considered about the things of another world, but his most hostile critic cannot accuse him of any credulity about the things of this world. Everybody will remember the attitude taken up toward the late Pope over the War. His Holiness had no illusions about the combatant nations, and his utterances on the subject genuinely struck numbers of people as a kind of monstrous cynicism. This apparent cynicism permeates the Catholic mind. We Catholics may esteem

it the blessing of clear sight, but that is not the way others regard it.

I lately saw a casual reference in some American review to my books as "bitter and disillusioned." That is the impression they had made on one reader. No doubt many others would agree with him and discount the religious consolation that I have tried to stress wherever my theme and characters allowed me. I used to be told by critics that I was hampered by redemptionist theories, and I am now accused by another school of sentimentality, because my use of religion in a novel strikes such a school as sentimentality. On top of that I have been accused widely of what people who make these accusations call "lubricity." I mention such criticisms to show from what different angles a writer may be attacked; but at the moment I am chiefly concerned over the "lubricity." How far is a Catholic novelist entitled to represent the world as he sees it when he knows perfectly well that, whatever his sincerity, he is liable, owing to the unfortunate popularity of his medium, to hurt young people, and perhaps many older ones? I have been asking myself this question with increasing anxiety for the last eight years, because the time I allowed myself to recover my balance after and obtain a perspective of the War is drawing to a close, and I must presently pick up an attitude toward art which I deliberately dropped at the end of "Sylvia Scarlett." In other words I must once again write out of myself and not out of the margin of superfluous talent which may be called professional ability. It is evident to me that I shall be unable, if I preserve my courage, to avoid writing much that will shock and much that will hurt. And at forty-three one realizes better than at twenty-seven how much one *can* shock and hurt. Nevertheless at forty-three I cannot bring myself to believe that a Catholic novelist ought to turn away from truthfulness, even though by such truthfulness accidental harm may be done to the immature mind.

It is idle to pretend that any novel has a chance nowadays of really impressing its time unless it is ruthlessly honest. The world is too old for fairy-tales, and it is so rapidly growing much older every day that Catholic novelists ought to face the position. For eight years now as a writer I have played for safety, because apart from the three books I wrote in the hope of presenting an authentic picture of the English mind compromising as usual this time with Catholicism, I have written nothing that was not designed primarily to entertain, written as I have said not out of myself, but out of my professional ability. I am perfectly sure that no author has any right to shock or hurt unless he is writing a book that he *must* write in distinction to a book that he *can* write. But that period of safety writing is nearly at an end, and next year I shall be turning away from fairy-tales to reality.

I have read through some of the earlier articles in this series a little sadly, because I find myself in almost total disagreement with most of the views expressed by my eminent colleagues. I cannot accept the proposition that the novel's only object is to offer mild and wholesome

entertainment. I assert that a Catholic novelist's duty is to drag his trawl as fearlessly in the depths as to cast his fly upon the sparkling shallows. What would be thought of a man who made a false confession for fear of shocking the priest? I am not presuming to claim a sacramental quality for art, but I do claim that the artist who shirks the truth out of cowardice profanes himself. A woman once wrote to me that "Sylvia Scarlett" had sent her back to her duties after ten years of abandonment. I set that soul against the adolescents my books are supposed to have corrupted and the tired business men they have undoubtedly bored. I see no moral value in a book that makes people *feel* good. A glass of whisky will do as much for some temperaments. And of all writers Catholic writers have the best right to destroy even if they do make people feel bad by their destruction, because they can always point to the Ark of Salvation. They will not be making people feel bad without offering a remedy; they will not be destroying blindly.

In the Middle Ages a pilgrimage to Compostella was accepted as the equivalent of a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. Of this the tired business man was the first to take advantage. We Catholic novelists shall not effect much by supposing that we are fighting paynim in the secure ecclesiastical health-resort of Compostella. But I feel too deeply on this question to run the risk of appearing sophistical by further argument.

REVIEWS

Current Catholic Verse. Edited by DAVID P. McASTOCKER, S.J., and EDWARD H. PFEIFFER. Chicago: Scott, Foresman and Company. \$1.00.

It is quite obvious to anyone interested in literature that such a compilation as this is not only valuable but is likewise an urgent necessity. Not very many years ago, the roster of American Catholic poets was thin and unimpressive. At the present time, the number of Catholics writing distinctive verse has grown magically, as it were. Much of this verse published in the many current Catholic magazines is far too good to be allowed to pass out of memory with the issue of the magazine in which it appeared; hence, the necessity of an anthology of the best Catholic verse of the year. The idea that inspired this volume was so splendid and the effort to produce it was so much needed, that one hesitates to express any opinion that might be construed as destructive of it. The one hundred and more poems that have been selected for the volume are all of a relatively high order of merit. They are varied in content and in appeal, some being intensely religious while others do not seek to express the spiritual. This is as it should be, for Catholic poetry is not limited to an exposition of definite Catholic dogma, but ranges rather over all the relations of life in its widest expanse. One of the features of the anthology is that of rating the quality of the verse published during the year. This rating has no value over and beyond that of the critical ability of those who attempt the rating; unless their own authority is rated highly and their ability is equal to their authority, they destroy rather than increase the confidence that one has in their judgment and taste. It is far safer to select poems merely, and not to give them percentages; for poetry being a most intimately personal affair, both in its writing and in its reading, cannot honestly be tagged with numbers that are universally and objectively correct and just. All the poems selected for the anthology are from Catholic periodicals. Several of the poets represented are not Catholics and a goodly number of

our finest Catholic poets are not mentioned. Such a year-book as this, it would seem, should gather the poems of Catholics from secular as well as from Catholic magazines, it should be limited to Catholic poets and should, as far as possible, contain selections from the work of those recognized as our leading Catholic poets. This first issue, however, of "Current Catholic Verse" is an achievement that demands consideration and that should be welcomed by all who are interested in the development of Catholic literature.

F. X. T.

You Can't Win. By JACK BLACK. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$2.00.

The remarkable sale of books on crime and criminals is proof positive that they certainly supply a wide-spread demand. Whether the interest in these crimebooks is scientific or morbid, one cannot tell off-hand. However, it might not be shooting an arrow at a rainbow to say that the majority of readers today have the Chestertonian hobby of whiling away leisure hours reading about unhallowed places and their denizens. To such readers Jack Black offers several hours of thrilling pleasure. Here we have a book that surpasses in interest and sincerity that other absorbing autobiography of a criminal written by the famous "Mark Twain Burglar." It is a personal and engrossing story that Mr. Black tells, and he tells it with a skill and craftsmanship that would do honor to a professional novelist. One sees in this human document what a powerful part sordid environment and vicious companionship play in the fashioning of a criminal. Mr. Black had an excellent start in life, but he soon fell under the sway of the alluring atmosphere of the underworld. He became a hardened "crook." After thirty years of thievery, safecracking and other rascallities, interspersed with unhappy prison experiences, he finally made good, and he is now the honest and efficient librarian of the San Francisco *Call*.

J. J. A.

General Theory of Value. By RALPH BARTON PERRY. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. \$6.00.

Values are the latest slogan in contemporary philosophy. Everything in human life is to be interpreted in terms of value; which means in ordinary common-sense English the ever recurring question as to what is really worth while and why. In the volume before us Dr. Perry, professor of philosophy in Harvard University, makes an attempt, to our mind not very successful, to construct a general theory of value, to find a basic and universal reason why in human estimation value is attached to different objects. It is a very elaborate attempt embracing within its purview every branch of knowledge and particularly the philosophy of religion, and thus the book in its 700 odd pages is, as it were, a cross section of modern philosophic speculation. It contains much that is valuable, keen analysis, many shrewd observations, repeated stressing of the data of common sense and natural science, but the whole treatment is fundamentally vitiated by the author's pronouncedly pantheistic bias. He conceives value as a function of interest, things being valuable in as far as they arouse and satisfy interest. A lengthy discussion as to what interest is and how different interests are to be appraised takes the reader over a great part of the field of biology, psychology, anthropology, sociology, and kindred sciences, the final upshot of which is that the author defines the "best object" as that preferred to all other objects by the interest which is given precedence over all other interests, the ideal good to be reached being primarily a harmonious personality and secondarily a harmonious society to be obtained by universal love. The whole work may be briefly characterized as an endeavor to establish modernistic pantheism as a workable *Weltanschauung* culminating in the statement: "The world becomes divine through being willed to be divine, and hence its being divine is conditioned by the dynamic faith through which high resolves are carried into effect. God's

existence may in this sense result from a belief in God, though not from a belief that God already exists." And again: "The lesson of life is . . . rather a question of living on those heights to which one momentarily ascends, or which have been visited and memorably reported by spiritually gifted men." As a working philosophy and moral standard, Professor Perry's conclusions are as nebulous, unsatisfactory, and devoid of sanction as all pantheistic speculations must needs remain.

V. F. G.

Great Sermons of the World. Compiled and edited by REV. CLARENCE E. McCARTNEY. Boston: The Stratford Company. \$3.50.

Since the Divine command to go and teach, preaching has been the chief means of evangelizing the world. Naturally with every minister of the Gospel an embryonic preacher the centuries were bound to produce many distinguished and passionate pulpit orators. And if history be not deceptive they did. To gather the choicest of the sermons of the most outstanding preachers of the ages has been the bold task of the compiler of this volume. As for what the collection includes it may perhaps be called representative, but almost anyone familiar with the history of preaching will agree that in what it omits it is sadly deficient. Of its thirty odd sermons but five represent pre-Reformation Christianity—Clement, Chrysostom, Augustine, Bede and à Kempis. As for the others, Bossuet's oration over the Prince of Condé and Newman's "Religion of the Day," delivered before his conversion, are the only two from Catholic authors. All the others from Luther to the three contemporary pulpiteers whom the author includes, are from the pulpits of the sects. Preachers may be helped by the sermons—not so often perhaps by their subject matter but by their make-up. And in a day when the short-comings of the pulpit furnish a constant topic for critics of the churches if even this be obtained by the volume, its editing will have proved profitable.

W. I. L.

Through Many Windows. By HELEN WOODWARD. New York: Harper and Brothers. \$2.50.

This account of the successful career of a woman in business has the interest of any faithfully-told story of life. It is the record of an untrained girl, handicapped by the lack of real education, and forced into business by the terrifying necessity of money making. Her first experience having disproved all the theories of success in which she firmly believed, she evolved a formula of her own. After several disheartening attempts, she became a stenographer in the office of a firm selling books by mail. She rapidly mastered the principle of their business, and realized her dream of writing advertising. In this field, where only results are considered, she was a distinguished success. She invented the full-page, arresting picture with a few provocative sentences, and the small, detachable coupon which asked, in return for delightful entertainment or valuable instruction, only a small initial payment, and smaller checks at regular intervals. She advanced, overcoming prejudice, and surmounting obstacles, until, after twenty years, she owned a flourishing business. When business lost its attraction because of its security, she retired and married. Her book is interesting because her advertising experience has taught her to discard the non-essential and present facts clearly. Her keen powers of observation and her ability to appraise people have provided an entertaining background for what might otherwise be a dull recital of events. It would be difficult to select examples of her shrewd comments on men and affairs. But she regards as open for discussion matters which conservative people consider settled—notably the proper dress for girls in offices. She gives also some incidents which might better have been omitted, since they point no moral, and certainly do not adorn the tale. Still, considered either as entertainment, or as inspirational, the book is very readable.

E. B.

The Girl from Mine Run. Custody Children. Tish Plays the Game. With Eastern Eyes. The Mathematics of Guilt.

No two books in recent times offer more startling contrasts than "The Girl from Mine Run" (Herder. \$2.00), by Will W. Whalen, and "Custody Children" (Holt. \$2.50), by Everett Young. Nevertheless, they both reach the same conclusion, one expressing it in a positive way, the other negatively. Father Whalen's story is a dramatic exposition of the theme that virtue begets peace and happiness; Mr. Young presents a vivid proof that vice and sin inevitably produce bitterness and misery. Father Whalen's characters have pure hearts and strong wills, Mr. Young's creatures are rotted to the core. "Custody Children" is an indictment of divorce. The wealthy offspring of these broken marriages, poisoned in their heredity and blasted by their environment, come to maturity ignorant of even the elemental notions of morality. They drift from marriage to marriage, they violate all the sanctities of the soul, they exhaust the capacity of passion; and then they reach the end, insanity, suicide, or a bitterly forlorn sequel of living. As told in the person of Clodi, this story is one of infinite sadness. It gives no pleasure to the reader, and will benefit no one save a student of sociology. "The Girl from Mine Run," on the contrary, is a novel that inspires the reader at the same time that it entertains him. Its locale is that of the Pennsylvania coal mines; its people are those whose faith is in God and whose actions are those which accord with His law. These people hold marriage sacred and seek children as a blessing. The exemplification of this may be found in the story of Frances Mulholland. She is beautiful and good; and she has a pert Irish tongue and a spirited temper. All the men are her admirers, and what is strange, so are the women. She is an angel of mercy, but when virtue is the point at issue, she can be as ferocious as a tiger. "The Girl from Mine Run" is easily the best novel that Father Whalen has yet written. More than that, it is one of the best distinctively Catholic novels of the season. Because of its wholesomeness as a story, its attitudes towards the problems of life, and its literary and dramatic quality, it is highly recommended for Catholic reading.

After a long absence Mary Roberts Rinehart's delectable spinster, Aunt Tish, comes back to us in "Tish Plays the Game" (Doran. \$2.00). Whether the game be golf, as in the first story, which gives the book its title, treasure-hunting, hijacking or what-not, Tish plays it straight and in the determined, indomitable spirit that has endeared her to a host of readers. The mischances that invariably befall herself and her long-suffering associates, Lizzie and Aggie, are highly amusing and, though her efforts in behalf of others are not always successful and are sometimes attended by results that are almost disastrous, Tish is always ready for fresh adventure. Her grim humor and her shrewd philosophy give added zest to the accounts of her enterprises, which are in themselves highly interesting.

In the lower hills of New Hampshire lived an astronomer and his family. Thither comes a Russian who agrees to assist in the scientific research. How this Russian regards the little tragedies of love and family that enter into the life of the astronomer is told in Ernest Poole's "With Eastern Eyes" (Macmillan. \$2.00). The Russian marvels and is amazed at the American restraint in the matter of marital intrigue, at the suppressions exercised by the principals, at the avoidance of straight talk and the tendency to direct action. Due to its structure, the plot does not stand out boldly; but it is far better for its reticence.

Whether heredity or environment moulds the man is the question back of "The Mathematics of Guilt" (McBride. \$2.00), by Isabel Ostrander. Save that here and there the narrative drags, the story is admirably conceived and fascinatingly told. It is a novel wherein mystery and adventure and romance are happily blended. Its chief characters are all such that one enjoys their acquaintance and would gladly know them in real life. John Merrick is a wholesome, generous hero, who knows how to pass with honor, the supreme test of love.

Communications

The editors are not responsible for opinions expressed in this department.

The Hoosier's View of Klan and Pope

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Father Blakely's article on the régime of the Grand Dragon Stephanson in Indiana is not exactly flattering to your Hoosier readers I am sure, yet in the main, we must admit that he is right. However, I do not place much credence in the testimony of such Kleagles as Asher and Emmons, for I believe that some of their testimony before Senator Reed was mere romance. But the revolt against the sheeted and hooded Knights is on, and will end in their final banishment.

I am stationed in a city of six thousand and the Catholics constitute a mere handful. I am the only priest in that county. Most of these people are the descendants of people who came from Georgia and the Carolinas years ago. Our 'phone book resembles a roster of General Lee's army. They have retained the ingrained anti-Catholic feeling of their forefathers and the worst of it is, that since the blighting Klan wave passed over them they are filled with added hatred and suspicion towards the Church.

The Klan found many dupes in these parts but the better class of Protestants held aloof, in fact, fought the Klan bitterly. But many farmers and miners and those who form the numerous army of "the great unwashed," flocked to the imperial standards of Stephanson with a whoop.

No wonder, either, when you stop to think what had been promised them. All Catholics were to be banished from the schools and from political jobs. The sons and daughters of Klansmen would obtain their places and in many districts in this State they have accomplished their aim, for no Catholic need apply for a position as a teacher. As for a Catholic obtaining a county office, or even obtaining a high position in the State, that is simply out of the question. And yet, during the worst of the agitation, when the horse thieves reigned supreme and sheeted men and women marched silently through the streets, I was never insulted—only ignored. It is only too true that there are many men and women in this enlightened age who are so ignorant as firmly to believe that the priest possesses a *mal occhio*, that he can bewitch the unwary.

And yet, the ringleaders of this nefarious organization, right here in an overwhelmingly Protestant stronghold, all came to grief. The main Kleagle or Gazook, who had a wonderful drug business, had to sell out because he lost his customers. A high city official had to resign and leave town because he failed to ring up the cash register in the interest of the dear public. A grocer, one of the heroes of midnight raids, had to fold his tents and silently steal away because he too lost his customers. Another leader in the fight to protect pure womanhood, fell in love with another man's wife and had to leave for greener pastures. Another lost his son, who died a tragic death. Afterwards the father, whilst on a midnight raid, shot himself accidentally, thus bringing his Kleagleship to an abrupt end. So after all, it is refreshing to note that we Hoosiers believe in fair play and will not tolerate Klannish imbecillity too long at a time.

Yet the fact remains that new fuel has been added to their hatred and fear of the Catholic Church and now that these dupes have found out that their leaders had feet of clay and rotten hearts within, they are all the more embittered. They were Kluckers long before Simmons began his crusade and they will be Kluckers as long as they live. As soon as another society is organized to fight the Pope they will be ready to do their bit.

Aside from their inherited antipathy to things Catholic, I think there is another reason why Hoosiers take their politics and poetry and other issues so seriously, and that is, the weather. Here in Indiana we have the fifty-seven varieties of weather, sometimes all on one day. That is found to react on the consti-

tutions and tempers of the inhabitants, and so they have to vent their venom and spleen on someone, the Pope for instance.

Yet after all, Indiana is a great State and she will restore her tarnished name soon. One of our great sons, the genial Tom Marshall, told the following story, which holds good even today. In a New York hotel a group of people from various States were extolling the virtues and possibilities of the respective States from which they hailed. There was one man in the group who wore a rather harried and sad expression and who listened but said nothing. Finally someone noticed him and asked where he came from. Looking around in a sheepish manner he finally blurted out: "I come from Indiana. Now laugh, gosh durnit."

Sullivan, Indiana.

F. S.

The Privilege of Voting

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The writer of an article entitled "The Right to Vote" AMERICA, October 10, 1926, has again entered the lists of journalistic controversy after over a year's absence. At the outset, I think the title of his article is a misnomer. Believing that there is no right to vote in the sense that he understands it, I have made so bold as to give my letter of rejoinder the above caption, because I think that thus the matter at issue between us will the more speedily be precipitated. In other words, what is an inherent right or natural right? Paradoxical as it may appear, to debate on any given topic, two opponents must first agree on something. Cannot there be at least original agreement in the present case? In the spirit of debate therefore I would ask Mr. Ryan to condescend to convey to the columns of AMERICA his definition of an inherent right. Then, we can proceed amiably, perhaps profitably.

The burden of Mr. Ryan's disproof of my contentions, in the present instance, is confined to the quoting of the Fifteenth and Nineteenth Amendments to the Federal Constitution, and the citation of two cases, both from Wisconsin, in which the opinions of Justices Marshall and Winslow are given respectively. Let us take a closer look at these champions that Mr. Ryan has introduced to plead his cause.

"The right shall not be denied or abridged." (Fifteenth Amendment). I agree with Mr. Ryan; we cannot logically abridge something that we do not assume to have already existed. But that is not the question. *What kind of right* existed previously, if the assumption be true? If it was an inherent right, as Mr. Ryan so religiously believes, it could not have been abridged by any government, constitution, or any other human power. If on the other hand, it could be abridged, as it unquestionably had been previous to the passage of this Amendment, we also must logically assume that the subject of the right was human, i.e. that the right was acquired by the citizens of the United States of America, and was therefore not inherent. So, the citation of this amendment, rather than proving that the suffrage is an inherent right, proves on the contrary, that it is a privilege or an acquired right.

Similarly with the Nineteenth Amendment. What kind of right does the Nineteenth Amendment recognize, by its very existence, as having been previously denied? Plainly, not an inherent right because no government or principality, or earthly power that is Christian (and the Fathers of the American Constitution were notably that) can deny, in practice, what no mortal power has created—and that is precisely what an inherent right is.

In the case of *State of Wisconsin v. Phelps* (1910), Justice Marshall says in summing up:

Had the all-pervading concept of the declaration . . . been given that dignity (*viz.*, constitutional liberty) . . . instead of being regarded as in the nature of rhetorical embellishment or a sort of apostrophe to something sentimental rather than real, the very ideas which it was designed to entrench as fundamental law would not have been somewhat lost sight of.

The worthy Judge seems to me to be hoisted with his own

petard. His "opinion" that the suffrage is an inherent right is purely rhetorical, and is certainly not "real" in the sense that it is ably supported by adequate weight of legal proof. Indeed, the Judge has quite correctly classified all the countless disputes that have adorned the page of the history of the suffrage in the United States from colonial times to the present, in two main classes: one may be called the theory of right; the other, the theory of the good of the State. But he calmly allies himself with the former without producing at least a minimum of justification.

To Mr. Ryan, I say: In man-made law, the citation of Justice Marshall's dictum would lend considerable weight to his (Mr. Ryan's) contention; but in this matter of definition of inherent rights, it must too apparently beg the question in so doing.

I have also to find fault with Justice Winslow's quoted judgment in *re Nunnemacher v. State of Wisconsin* (1906) on grounds generally similar to those given above. I am, too, forced to single out for especial criticism the last few words of the passage: "not to manufacture new rights, or to confer them on its citizens, but to conserve and to secure to its citizens the exercise of pre-existing rights." I presume that these "pre-existing rights" are inherent, so-called by Mr. Ryan. Would he inform me what a "pre-existing, inherent right" is? The phrase seems to me to be a flat contradiction in terms.

Salina, Kansas.

R. R. MACGREGOR.

Fifty Dollars for a Catholic Cinema Palace

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Picture a brand-new industrial center, in the near suburbs of a large city. After the working hours men, women and children go in search of some recreation far from the somber alleys of their wretched hovels, into the heart of the gay city and the palatial cinemas. During the day it is the factory and at night it is the cinema that claim the physical and moral energies of the suburban worker.

Entertainment they will seek! But if there were a movie theater within reach, if I could install a good movie, a Catholic movie in their midst, I could stop the moral gangrene that is already attacking the heart of my people, caused by the movies presented in the cinema-palaces of the city. Instead of corrupting films, libertine and scandalous, they would find near the church, an honest and beneficial relaxation which their poor tired bodies need.

Yes, we have need of a cinema-palace here—but a Catholic one. They laugh at me when I formulate this proposition. "You must be a millionaire," they say. "Not at all, but I know a generous people who will aid me to gain souls for the Worker of Nazareth. You will see, I will find \$50 in America, which in francs, will go a long way towards making a Catholic cinema a reality." May I beg an alms for "Good Movies," please. AMERICA will surely forward your gifts to me.

Louvain.

F. DE RAEDEMAERKER, S.J.

Santa, An Idol of the Market Place

To the Editor of AMERICA:

A recent decision by Supreme Court Justice Wasservogel in New York City offers an illuminating sidelight on the article entitled: "Santa Turns Babbit." The modern commercialized Santa (as distinguished from Santa of thirty or forty years ago) has become the very personification of the humanitarian, secularistic, "good-will" creed. The Santa movement has developed a veritable cult around an idol of the market place. If our great grandfather were to return, he would scarcely recognize in the modern Santa even a forty-second cousin of the San Claas of old New York under the Dutch or of the Knight Rupert of parts of Europe, whose primary object was to make children happy in

the name of the Babe of Bethlehem or the Christ who drew children about Him.

The ruling referred to above restrained Harry M. Newman, advertising agent, and his employes from using Santa in certain advertising campaigns. The order was subject to a later ruling. According to the *New York Times* the injunction was obtained by the Arctic Circle Company as assignee of Van Patten, Inc., an advertising concern which charged Newman with appropriating its copyrighted plans for his own profit.

According to the plaintiff, the Van Patten concern mapped out a way of stimulating early Christmas shopping and in 1925 sold it to department stores and newspapers through Newman, who acted as their salesman. The plan consisted of having the store or paper send an invitation to Santa Claus by radiogram to his home on Icy Cape, Alaska, asking him to come to the city and bring his reindeer. By cable or wireless the answer would come, and the experiences of the party on its way south would be told in telegrams printed in the paper or in the store's advertisements. Santa Claus would sign each one.

It was stated at the trial that this plan greatly stimulated Christmas buying. Newman contended that he had originated the plan while with Van Patten.

Another phase of the Santa movement was brought out in letters to a Chicago newspaper. One mother complained that she could not take little Johnny on shopping trips because she had to explain so many Santas. She suggested that:

The "flat-footed, hollow-chested, pasty-cheeked individuals," who bid for charities in Christmas shopping crowds, should be stripped of their Santa Claus regalia, dressed in neat uniforms, and designated as Santa's helpers.

It is very hard, another complained, for a harassed mother to explain to a youngster the presence of a Santa Claus every two rods down the length of downtown State street.

Detroit.

ANTHONY BECK.

Mexican Confiscation of Land

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Mr. Juan Diaz spoke correctly when in his article, "The Agricultural Question in Mexico," which appeared in the issue of AMERICA for November 20, he said that in Mexico there is not sufficient reason to introduce the exotic question of Agrarianism.

During the colonial period of that country and subsequent times there were stretches of land around the different villages, for the use of the poor who were allowed to raise their crops, cut their wood, etc., all without the slightest tax being demanded by the Government. Later the self-appointed protectors of the poor began to belittle the work of the Porfirio Diaz régime, by saying—sometimes with good reason—that the former President deliberately seized these lands and thus deprived the poorer classes of their only means of subsistence, but at the same time branding as criminals, honest farmers who possessed land by heritage or legitimate ownership. They then told the world at large that the poor Mexican people had found a real savior at last, who would restore to them the lands around the villages and divide the larger farms. A careful reading of the following data will give the reader some idea of what happened during the Obregon and Calles régime.

In the so-called Constitution of 1917 (drawn up under President Carranza), Article 27, we read:

The villages and huts which have no land and water, or have not a sufficient quantity of the same for the necessities of their people will have a right to a donation, taking said donation from the nearby properties.

All dispositions, resolutions, transactions, contracts, and high bidding which have wholly or partially deprived of their lands the villages or tribes that still exist will be declared null and void. An exception is made regarding lands possessed with proper name and title to dominion over a space of 10 years . . . provided its extension does not exceed 50 hectometers. Thus any excess above this measure will be donated to the community. Only the members of the community will have a right to the partitioned lands.

The restitution of the public lands was very rare, because almost all the villages had sold their lands. The greater part of the

spoliation by Calles was bestowed in donations (*effective compensation to the proprietors has never troubled the revolutionaries*). In order to donate this land, the Government simply ignored the law (Article 27), because these lands were not solicited by the people spontaneously, but only after they had been stirred up by ambitious and loud-mouthed politicians, all in bad faith, desirous to obtain the lands for themselves and their henchmen, not for the poor.

The method employed by these politicians to obtain the land was most shameful. They would put down at random the number of the heads of families who were deserving of this land. Such a number, without the most exacting calculation, is always questionable; but that did not concern them. Then, too, in order to obtain big grants of land under false representation, they gave the names of people who no longer lived in the village, or never lived there at all, who had sufficient money to live, or who were actually dead.

Here is the process then followed. Such lists of supposed poor people, together with the forced petition of the people, are sent in to the National Agrarian Commission. The owners of the different farms are next notified to share their lands with the poor. If the owners, however, have a just complaint, they are ordered to bring forth their claims within a fortnight or a month at the latest. This is simply a burlesque of justice, because the claims presented by the legitimate land-owners mean nothing to these bandits.

The land-owner, thinking that the Agrarian Committee is sincere, wastes time and money looking up the deeds of his property, hiring lawyers to defend the case and prove that the list presented by the Agrarian Committee is false. But all these proofs avail nothing, even if the farm should be a small property or the village itself have no further need of land, because the existing lands are sufficient to satisfy the needs of all.

After a brief delay, the Agrarian Commission simply distributes the land to the friends of the Commission. One of the Commission, generally a bogus engineer, goes to the farm in question and at the wave of his hand portions out the land to the fortunate friends of the Committee. Oftentimes the owner, thinking that justice still reigns, appeals to the courts on the plea that he cannot afford to lose this land. Then a long procedure begins, he comes and goes to the court daily, and after days and weeks of delay, he finally loses his case. The President then O. K.'s the unjust transaction. Appeal to a higher court does not better matters.

There have been cases where Federal protection was given, but afterwards the army, with the President's orders, seized the lands by force and gave them over to the friends of the Agrarian Commission, even before the harvest, without a cent paid to the owner of the crops. Now and then, a dubious promise would be made to the owner in the shape of bonds of questionable value. Then, too, the price offered to the owner for his farm, if any, is always ridiculously low.

We well know that in the time of President Obregon, these Agrarians armed all the villages which had received these lands for the poor, and also named Procurators of those villages, with the purpose, they said, that the people might justly defend themselves against the property-owners. The latter, on the other hand, were strictly forbidden the use of any arms. It was well known that the men in charge of these villages were grafters and scoundrels of the worst kind, with no regard for human life. While parading under the banner of "Justice, Liberty, and Equality," they killed people of all classes, at will, among them Mrs. Jenkins, the English woman, and Mr. Maurer, the Frenchman. Meanwhile the Government never took any action against these men, whose hands were continually stained with the blood of honorable people. With such men the Mexican land-owner is constantly surrounded, threatened with death if he but utter a word of protest against their hellish actions.

Granite, Md.

XAVIER MOTA.